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{ From Beginning,
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CONTENTS.

I. THE WINDWARD ISLANDS,	<i>Macmillan's Magazine,</i>	131
II. THE CHESS-PLAYER,	<i>Temple Bar,</i>	143
III. AN EPISODE OF THE ARMADA,	<i>Nineteenth Century,</i>	153
IV. A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF. By Mrs. Oliphant. Part XXXVII.,	<i>Chambers' Journal,</i>	162
V. FOUNDING OF THE CONGO FREE STATE,	<i>Scottish Review,</i>	165
VI. THE KRAKATOA ERUPTION. Part V.,	<i>Leisure Hour,</i>	174
VII. LIFE IN THE BASTILLE,	<i>Gentleman's Magazine,</i>	177
VIII. MILK FAIR,	<i>All The Year Round,</i>	181
IX. A PROSPEROUS PEASANT,	<i>Spectator,</i>	184
X. AN EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF THE DU- CHESSE D'ANGOULEME,	<i>St. Stephen's Review,</i>	186
XI. THE RESCUE OF GREELY,	<i>Spectator,</i>	188
XII. JAPANESE LADIES AND THEIR HAIR,	<i>Japan Mail,</i>	191

POETRY.

AT THE GATE,	130	IN THE SUMMER TIME,	130
CA IRA, 1810,	130	A TRANSLATION FROM VICTOR HUGO,	130
MISCELLANY,			192

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AT THE GATE.

We stand beside the little gate,
Hand clasping hand, my love and I;
The winds are hushed, the hour is late,
And we have met to say good-bye.

Never a solitary bird
His wing above the river dips,
As we repeat the saddest word
That ever fell from human lips.

'Mid tender sighs, 'tis breathed at last;
I seek to draw my hand away;
But oh, my darling holds it fast,
And love's fond pressure bids me stay.
Dear loving hand! so strong, so brave,
On locks of mine no more to lie,
Or deck my tresses for the grave,
As I have hoped in days gone by.

Ah, gentle hand, that never more
Shall lead me o'er each rugged rock!
At evening, on our cottage door,
How welcome was your well-known knock!
We cannot smile, my dearest, now,
Our future seems so full of care;
There is no brightness on my brow,
There is no sunlight in my hair.

Go, dearest, go, before the weak,
Fond promptings of thy breaking heart
Show through the pallor of thy cheek,
And bid the telltale teardrops start.
Go, darling, go; my hand release!
'Tis duty pleads—shall we rebel?
Nay, love, be firm, and go in peace;
We part, because we love so well!

Chambers' Journal.

CA IRA, 1810.

BEATEN backward in the press,
Reeled the old Fourteenth;
And in triumph shrill arose,
The yell of the triumphant foes,
As, where the British Lion flew,
Flaunting "white, and red, and blue,"
For well the fiery Frenchmen knew
The fame of the Fourteenth.

Beaten backward in the press,
Reeled the old Fourteenth;
Cheerily their colonel spoke,
As the red line round him broke,
Laughing, waving with his hand,
To the leader of the band,
As again they took their stand,
The men of the Fourteenth.

"Play the Frenchman's march," he said,
The chief of the Fourteenth.
"Strike it up—strike loud and clear;
As I stand before you here,
We will prove our mettle soon;
Ere yon pale sun rides at noon,
We'll beat them to their own brave tune,
We, men of the Fourteenth!"

Joyously the cheer arose,
From the old Fourteenth;
"Ca ira!" loud, full, and strong,
Rang the rallied ranks along;
English hearts and steel were good;
Rushing onward like a flood,
Naught their furious charge withstood,
The charge of the Fourteenth.

Ca ira! they play it yet
In the old Fourteenth;
In memory of the glorious day
When they swept their foes away;
In memory of the right begun,
When, beneath the southern sun,
To the Frenchman's tune they won,
The men of the Fourteenth!

All The Year Round.

IN THE SUMMER TIME.

So beautiful the day had been,
I scarce could deem that it would end;
To me it was a constant friend,
A presence rather felt than seen.

I watched the swallow in its flight,
I watched the bounding river's flow,
And caught the sun's delicious glow
Through all the sleepless hours of light.

A gentle tremor of the air
Swept the tree-tops with murmurous sound;
While stretched upon the heathery ground
I kissed my mother's purple hair.

And happy memories of the years
Came wafted on the summer breeze—
Like perfumes borne from far-off seas—
Till pain was softened into tears.

It was a bliss to breathe, to move,
All thoughts of sorrow fled away;
Joy was my visitor that day,
And with him hand in hand came Love.
Spectator. JOHN DENNIS.

A TRANSLATION FROM VICTOR HUGO.

SOYONS comme l'oiseau posé pour un instant
Sur des rameaux trop frêles;
Qui sent trembler la branche, mais qui chant
pourtant,
Sachant qu'il a des ailes.

VICTOR HUGO.

LIKE a song-bird be thou on life's frail bough,
Lifting thy lay of love;
So sing to its shaking, so spring, at its break-
ing,
Into the heaven above.

Spectator.

A. P. G.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
THE WINDWARD ISLANDS.

ABOUT the middle of the year 1882 reports and despatches crowded into the Colonial Office from the greater number of our West Indian colonies, telling of scandals and unpleasantnesses, deficits and deadlocks, which showed pretty clearly that things were not going on quite as they should. Jamaica, by right of superiority, alike in area and extent of mischief, took the first place, the Leeward Islands were not far behind, and the Windward Islands shared the second place with the Leewards. As the year wore on things grew worse instead of better, and the Windwards, by virtue of very scandalous proceedings in Grenada, the second island of the group as then constituted, bade fair to outstrip Jamaica. Then the Colonial Office bestirred itself to apply the universal panacea for all administrative evils, and a royal commission was appointed to inquire into the public revenues, expenditure, debts, and liabilities of Jamaica, the Leeward Islands, and the Windward Islands, exclusive of Barbados; which last, enjoying representative government and being at that time highly prosperous, stood, unlike her crown-colony governed sisters, in no need of such ministrations. This step taken, all progress, as is usual in such cases, came to a standstill in the places concerned. It was of no use to ask if this or that might be done; the answer was always the same, viz., that the secretary of state would reply when the report of the commissioners had been received. Estimates, repairs to buildings, those present stitches which save nine in the future, all were postponed alike. The colonial authorities on the spot were at first inclined to be indignant, but they were quite helpless; and so there was nothing for it but to force the report of the royal commission down the throats of all, from highest to lowest. At the beginning of the year 1883 the commissioners — two gentlemen, to the great good fortune of those concerned, of tried experience and ability — arrived and commenced their labors in Jamaica, proceeded thence to the Leewards, and on the 1st of April began their inquiry in the Windward group.

Their coming caused in some cases considerable excitement, and raised not a few false hopes. In one island, where expenditure, public and private alike, maintains normally an excess over revenue, the poorer part of the population imagined that the millennium was come. But no — it was only the Royal Commission. By the 23rd of April the commissioners had finished their inquiries and inspections, and they sailed on the 31st for England, bearing with them a vast quantity of papers and a goodly show of island produce (including a live snake in a hat-box), the gifts of the many friends and admirers that their uniform kindness and courtesy had gained for them. Then the colonial authorities, somewhat weary of furnishing returns and answering questions, sat down and waited for the report till April, 1884. At last, however, it appeared, and then was explained the reason of the delay. In the Windward Islands (with which alone we are here concerned) the commissioners, while denying the general condition to be retrogressive, admitted that things were backward and progress slow, and hit unerringly on the true causes thereof, viz., bad government and want of capital and labor. They accordingly recommended that the group should be confederated and the centre of government fixed at Grenada. And they prepared a most exhaustive scheme of administrative and financial reform, which they had just reason to hope would insure greater economy, greater efficiency, and increased prosperity. All, however, depended on the confederation of the group, to which, at the time of their visit, the island governments appeared to be favorably inclined; but now the several islands refuse to be united, and the result is, that although the headquarters of the group have been transferred, as recommended, to Grenada, the old system continues in force — a system so foolish and futile that no advance can be expected until it is swept away.

But before going further it will be better to state definitely that the Windward Islands (as hinted above) form one group of our insular possessions in the West Indies; their several names being St. Vincent, Grenada, Tobago, and St. Lucia.

Being windward, *i.e.* trade-windward, they are the nearest to England, and they lie in the form of an obtuse-angled triangle, between 60° and 62° long. and 11° and 14° lat., Grenada being situate at the west or obtuse angle, St. Lucia at the north, and Tobago at the south angle; while a line drawn from the centre of Grenada would pass through St. Vincent, traversing on its way the chains of islets which run between the latter island and Grenada, and, though bearing the name of Grenadines, are shared as dependencies of both. In a line due west from St. Vincent, and one hundred and ten miles distant, lies Barbados, once the chief of the group, but this year separated and made a distinct government to herself.

The history of these four islands is full of interest, but it must suffice here to say that they have been more or less in our possession for the last hundred or hundred and twenty years. I say "more or less," because in the closing twenty years of the last century and the opening ten of the present they were in a chronic state of capture and recapture, now French and now English. Grenada and St. Lucia were, however, originally settled by France and St. Vincent by England; while the first settlers in Tobago—though this island was, like St. Vincent, granted by an English king to a favorite—were Zealanders sent out by a Dutch merchant company. Once the richest of our colonies they were reduced to insignificance by the emancipation of the slaves and the equalization of the sugar duties, and have never recovered their former prosperity. As a consequence they have been neglected by England; and though the scene of much hard fighting, both by sea and land, during the great war with France, and of not a few glorious victories, few now know or seek to know anything of them.

Up to the year 1876 each of these islands, except St. Lucia, enjoyed the blessing of representative government. Each had its governor or lieutenant governor, its little House of Commons (sixteen to twenty-six members), and its little House of Peers (not hereditary), with the title of "honorable." In places so small and

unimportant such a form of government could not but be inefficient and ridiculous. Elections were a farce and the transactions of the House puerile and absurd. It was found impossible to persuade honorable members to take a proper interest in the business of the colony, and the result was that none attended save a few verbose and not over-respectable individuals, who, having a distaste for work, and being withal aspirants to importance, sought to gratify these aspirations by bringing forward absurd notions in ungrammatical speeches, passing unconstitutional acts, and generally converting the floor of the House into a fishless Billingsgate. One such individual divided the House (seven members present if I recollect aright) no fewer than forty-four times in one afternoon; and I have seen a despatch from the Colonial Office wherein out of five acts sent up for confirmation two were disallowed as unconstitutional. Thus constitutional government in these islands, however valuable for purposes of public diversion, became useless for its true object, and hence, in 1876, it was swept away by the voluntary act of each, regretted only by those who, having lived on its abuses, now found their occupation gone.

The new form of government, that now existent, is of course the opposite pole to the old: being that known as crown-colony government, by which all power is vested in a governor or administrator, assisted by an executive council, comprising the two chief officials, treasurer and attorney-general, with occasionally an unofficial member or two; and by a legislative council, including all the above, with the addition of an official or two more and an equal or less number of unofficial members nominated by the crown. Thus provision is made for rapid if not for sensible legislation, and, as may be seen, the Colonial Office can procure at any time the passage of any measures that it wishes; a power not always appreciated in the colony. But in respect of the civil service, which needs reform at least as urgently, each kept and keeps, as under the old *régime*, what is described by a West Indian as "the paraphernalia of a kingdom with the population of a fourth-

rate English town." Each of the four has its own administrator, chief justice (except St. Lucia and Tobago, which share one judge between them), attorney-general, treasurer and staff, auditor and staff, colonial engineer, chief of police and police force, with medical officers and minor officials innumerable, to say nothing of separate prisons, and other institutions, widely different tariffs, and its own distinct and very diffuse statute-book. The islands average the Isle of Wight in size, and the total population is about one hundred and ten thousand souls; the number of salaried officials in 1881 (and no great reduction, if any, has since been made) was four hundred and three, of whom perhaps forty were efficient, costing 50,889*l*. Nor does the machinery of administration end here. The administrators can do little or nothing without the sanction of the governor-in-chief, and the governor-in-chief in his turn little or nothing without the sanction of the Colonial Office, always particularly jealous in the matter of crown colonies; while the Colonial Office in its turn is subject to the influence of two more independent bodies — the West India Committee, and, most potent of all, Exeter Hall. "The West India Committee in London (to use the words of the Royal Commissioners), a body interested in but certainly not resident in the islands, has on occasions claimed (and, it might have been added, successfully claimed) sufficient influence to advise the imperial authorities that ordinances passed by the local legislatures be disallowed as being opposed to what the Committee consider to be to the best interests of the islands." This body is made up of gentlemen or representatives of firms with estates situated and money invested in the West Indies, and it would hardly be too much to say that the great majority of the planters are in debt to one or other of the gentlemen or firms therein represented. What it considers to be to the best interests of the islands coincides with that which it considers best for its own interests: where the two interests are identical it does good work, but experience shows that this is not invariably the case.

On the spot, however, the only bond of union for the group is the governor-in-chief. It is true that after the reforms of 1876 an attempt was made at confederation, but it was then proposed to incorporate Barbados also, and Barbados firmly declined. Then came mismanagement and rioting, so the scheme was given up. The union, such as it is, should be closer now that the governor-in-chief has only four islands instead of five to manage, and those all under the same form of government. When the headquarters were at Barbados the union was purely nominal, for the simple reason that he was utterly unprovided with a proper staff. In every island, of course, there were officials without end, but for the management of the group as a whole (and it must be remembered that the governor-in-chief is the medium of communication between the various administrators and the Colonial Office) he had nothing but his own private office, consisting of a private secretary and two clerks. No provision has been made for any alteration of this system; the necessity for it having apparently been overlooked, though, as will, I think, be seen from the refusal of the islands to be united, now more urgent than ever.

While the headquarters were at Barbados (and things cannot have changed much in three months) the work in the crown-colony islands was most inefficiently done, and had to be done anew in the governor-in-chief's office. This, of course, caused an immense amount of correspondence which might otherwise have been avoided, besides a vast deal of trouble and unpleasantness. The variety of questions that came for solution to an office entirely destitute of technical assistance was extraordinary; financial, legal, medical, and, of course, legislative; estimates to be recast, plans for public works to be examined, ordinances to be amended, sometimes almost redrafted, all by this hard-worked little body. Happily, for the last ten years, the governors-in-chief have been singularly able men and aided by exceptionally able assistants on the permanent staff of the office; and it is due to the chiefs of departments in Barbados to say that when technical help

was absolutely indispensable, none could have given it more loyally and willingly than they did, though such aid formed no part of their regular duties. Hence it was that this makeshift lasted so long; and it is no slight compliment to the members of the governor-in-chief's office that its reform should have seemed unnecessary. None could have done the work more efficiently than the two gentlemen who, though young and underpaid, held the post of chief clerk between 1877 and the present year; but the labor was far too severe for so small a staff, and it was not right (though I do not think it did any harm) that such important work should have been intrusted, as it was at one time, to a chief clerk of twenty-three, a private secretary of twenty-two, and a second clerk of nineteen.

Meanwhile it may be asked how it was that the men who swallowed up 50,889*l.* of salaries showed so little value for the money. The answer is simple enough, and is equally true now: a great many are incompetent and some dishonest. Then it may be asked why not rid the service of them and obtain competent men? The answer is again perfectly simple: they are not to be obtained at the salaries offered. The fact has long been recognized, and it was brought forward by the commissioners in three pithy and telling sentences. "The low salaries are presumably in proportion to the quantity of the work, but altogether inadequate if the quality be taken into consideration. We are of opinion that the recent scandals in Grenada and elsewhere are due to causes always possible and indeed probable where officials generally have to accept such low salaries, while the duties they are called upon to perform are of the highest order. Even if *bona fides* be secured, as it often is, such salaries are certainly insufficient to attract the necessary training, ability, or independence." The insertion of the words "as it often is," perhaps intended to modify the severity of the preceding sentences, indicates most happily the character of the civil service of the Windward Islands, and the sarcasm, even if unconscious, is certainly not unmerited.

Let us examine first the highest paid officials — the administrators. The salaries were, when the commissioners made this report, as follows: Grenada, 1,300*l.*; St. Vincent and St. Lucia, 1,000*l.*; Tobago, 800*l.* Well, it may be said, that is not bad pay; there must be plenty of men ready to accept such salaries. Quite so; there is no lack of men ready to accept

1,000*l.* a year, but the question is whether they are fit to govern a colony. As to the work, that depends in great measure on the administrator himself; the busiest are not always the best, and the best are apt to complain, in these little islands, that time hangs heavy on their hands. The first duty of an administrator in a small crown colony is, I take it, to keep a balance in the treasury; the next to make his officers work, and keep them from quarrelling — neither the easiest of tasks in the West Indies. If he succeed so far he does pretty well, but to be of real value he must have a good constitution, energy, tact, and common sense; he must be as ubiquitous as an estate-agent, and watch every department with vigilance. Now, considering the difficulty there is in finding men so gifted for pleasanter and better paid places, no one need be surprised that few are ready to exchange such qualifications for 1,000*l.* a year and exile in a wretched little island. But the fault in the matter of the administrators was not attributable to salaries only. There was a strong tendency, not yet wholly extinct, on the part of the Colonial Office to utilize these small administrators as quasi-pensions for men of a certain standing in the colonial service, or with certain claims on it, who were, either through age or natural defects, totally unfit for the work. Any one is supposed to be good enough for the poor West Indian Islands, and so they were (I hope it is a thing of the past) made a refuge for placemen and others, who, having failed in other positions, not so much for want of uprightness as want of sense, had to be provided for somewhere. It has long been a standing complaint in the West Indian civil service that men seem to think failure in all other callings adequate qualification for employment therein. The complaint is well grounded, but when the imperial government sets the example in the highest colonial places, the colonists can hardly be blamed for following suit. The consequences to these islands have been most disastrous, and their present backward condition is doubtless due quite as much to bad government as want of labor and capital. Nor does it seem probable that any improvement is to be expected at present, since, owing perhaps to the necessity for retrenchment, the administrators' salaries in these islands are to be reduced instead of increased as the commission recommended. This, however, may possibly attract young men, who are far the most desirable for these posts; from them some energy and

active co-operation with an able governor-in-chief may be expected, which cannot be from men who have got through the best part of their lives and have no hope of promotion. It must, however, be admitted that some of the older among the recent administrators in the Windward Islands displayed an activity in certain directions which was the amazement even of those who knew them best. There were men, wonderful men, with Saxon blue ribbons and scarlet stripes, who could always be relied on to show an annual deficit in the treasury, half-yearly scandals in the public service, and quarterly quarrels among the principal officials, in which they themselves frequently took a prominent share. Thus time which should have been devoted to active supervision of all public work was given up to writing long despatches with bulky inclosures, full of false arguments, pointless recrimination, and bad grammar. Subordinate officials of superior capacity, delighting to see their chiefs go wrong, made no effort to set them right in palpable mistakes; and so the public business floundered on. Then the governor-in-chief had to set matters right, meting out knuckle-rappings all round; whereupon the parties would sometimes unite in a common grievance against him, and the administrator, elated at finding his advisers for once at his back, would write an impertinent despatch maintaining his own position by illogical conclusions, drawn, in obscure language, from doubtful premisses, and concluding sometimes with such a sentence as this, "In this opinion the Executive Council concur, copy herewith." Then, of course, the knuckle-rappings were dealt out afresh with increased severity and the council, somewhat scared, would rescind its obnoxious resolution ("copy herewith"); and thereupon internal dissension, recruited by a short rest, arose anew with still greater activity.

The next in rank among the active officials are the crown law officers, or, as they are called, attorneys-general. The work assigned to them, including as it does the drafting of all ordinances, is most important, and calls especially for able and trustworthy men; for, owing to the governor-in-chief's lack of a legal assistant, little or no supervision can be given to it short of the Colonial Office. The salary in each of the four islands is 400*l.*, and as it would obviously be impossible to obtain men of any legal standing whatever for this sum, it is necessary to allow them private practice; a system obviously per-

nicious, and in such small places perilous in the extreme. Nevertheless, the positively evil effects have been fewer than might have been expected.

Next after these rank the treasurers, with salaries varying from 400*l.* to 500*l.* per annum. Although the treasurer has always charge of the revenue department, the work is not heavy, and the salaries are in so far adequate, but to insure the employment of properly trained and independent men, far too small. Hence gentlemen are frequently selected from occupations utterly unconnected with finance, to fulfil these duties, simply because they can be depended on not to rob the till. This of course is a great desideratum, and it is a great relief to be sure that it is attained; but the colonies suffer none the less from such appointments, for financial ability is of the last importance to them, and no crude zeal, however honest, can supply the omission. For the audit of accounts there are four auditors, with salaries from 200*l.* to 300*l.*, but, unlike the treasurers, without a seat *ex officio* in the council. As the auditors are charged with the preparation of the estimates, and their functions are really of at least equal importance to those of the treasurers, this undervaluation of their office is a mistaken and mischievous policy. Among the minor officials of the revenue department embezzlement is of frequent occurrence, and may be expected to continue so; cases are not unknown in the post-office also, and sometimes, though more rarely, even among the higher officials. Minor salaried officials are, in all cases, of a piece with their superiors; gaol scandals, hospital scandals, coolie immigrant scandals are common, and cause no great surprise.

As to the legislative machinery, the legislative council includes, of course, members of all kinds. Of the officials mention has already been made; among the unofficial, then, are gentlemen who work for the good of the colony (rare in most islands), individuals who combine with officials to rob it, men who always support the administrator, men (sometimes veterans of the old assembly) who, on principle, oppose him; men who support him when sober and oppose him when drunk, and *vice versa*; all somewhat fond of airing their opinions and embodying them in the form of long written protests to the secretary of state. The proceedings at the sittings, held weekly or fortnightly, are not always of a very dignified character, and the rapidity, not to say apathy, with

which ordinances are passed is startling. The attorney-general introduces bills, as a rule, though sometimes preceded by the administrator, and beyond a few not always pertinent questions, the measure, unless the spirit of opposition is unusually strong, passes without debate. Suppose, for example, that for public convenience, and in the ulterior hope of obtaining a small revenue, an ordinance is proposed, say for the registration of cats, the minutes of the council, if given with rather more fullness and faithfulness than usual, would often run somewhat as follows:—

The minutes of the previous meeting having been read and confirmed, the administrator rose to move the second reading of the Cats' Registration Ordinance. The council would remember (he said) that at the last meeting the attorney-general, on introducing this measure, had explained its object and entered into some of its provisions. These he (the administrator) would now briefly recapitulate. He had taken, throughout a not uneventful life, a peculiar interest in cats, and might, he thought, fairly say, without undue arrogance, that he understood those animals better than most men. Thus he was happy to say that, with the assistance of the attorney-general on a few technical points, he had been able to draft a bill, which, in his opinion, amply provided for a simple, thorough, and efficient census of the cats in the island, with a view to their careful preservation for the extinction of rats and other vermin, whose abundance exercised a highly deleterious influence on the staple crop of the colony, the sugarcane. (The council here exchanged meaning smiles.) This would be done at a nominal cost, which it was reasonable to expect would be made good, and more, by the small registration fee exacted under the provisions of clause —. He was confident that such an enactment would go far to enhance the prosperity of the island, and would be another step in the advance of commerce, civilization, and liberty, which they all held dear. He would not detain them longer, but heartily commended the bill to the favorable treatment of the council.

The attorney-general seconded the motion.

The clerk rose to commence the second reading, when an unofficial member rose, and, in husky and broken tones, protested against this hasty legislation. He had never seen the bill before, and entertained the strongest objections to it. He took this opportunity of complaining of the

laxity of the clerk in sending copies of draft ordinances to members of council.

The clerk (with permission) explained that he was quite sure he had sent the honorable member a copy of the ordinance in question a fortnight ago, this with all respect to the honorable member.

The honorable member said he had never seen it—no, nor any other draft ordinance for a year before that date.

The administrator begged the honorable member's pardon, but he could bear out his clerk's statement. The honorable member appeared to have forgotten that at the last meeting he supported this bill, and spoke in high approval of it.

The honorable member had no recollection whatever of the fact.

The administrator said he was in the recollection of the council; he feared the honorable member's memory was a short one.

The honorable member, after smiling blandly on the council for some seconds, said that this circumstance reminded him of an anecdote which he had forgotten. (After struggling for some minutes with recollections that seemed to overpower him, the honorable member sat down abruptly with some violence, and was silent.)

The bill was read a second time.

The attorney-general moved that it be read a third time and passed.

The honorable member aforesaid rose suddenly, and said that his Honor* had insulted him. (Cries of "Order," interspersed with soothing ejaculations, amid which the bill was read a third time, and passed.)

Thereupon, it would be sent up to the governor-in-chief, and by him transmitted to the Colonial Office, from which, after a month or two, a despatch would arrive, saying that the meaning of the word "cat," for purposes of the ordinance, was insufficiently explained in the definition clause, and ordering an amending ordinance to be passed, inserting the word "puss" between the words "tom" and "tabby," or some such thing. Then the scene would be repeated over, "An Ordinance intitled, an Ordinance to amend an Ordinance to provide for the Registration of Cats," containing a preamble and one clause. This may be thought an exaggeration, but it is not so; the imaginary ordinance is not more ridiculous, and might be found of greater value than some of those passed by these island legislatures.

* An administrator is by regulation "his Honor;" by adulation only, "his Excellency."

Such was the administration of the Windward Islands generally, in spite of all the efforts of able and energetic governors-in-chief. Nevertheless, under a good administrator, much useful work could be done, but this was unfortunately the exception. In some cases it was impossible to obtain the execution of the simplest orders aright, and little confidence could be placed in men who, often with the best intentions, invariably chose the worst of two alternatives, and never failed in a dispute, even if originally in the right, to place themselves in the wrong. And if any one would know what distrust of the government can do in these little places, let him learn that two years ago government by French Radicals of the worst type, drove 56,000*l.* of capital (a large sum in those little places) from Martinique into St. Lucia, and obliged the bank to raise the rate of discount.

The reforms suggested by the commission were on so uniform a system that a short explanation will suffice. First, the four islands were to have been confederated, the central government being fixed at Grenada, with a council, including representatives from each. In regard to the departments, the same plans were to have been followed throughout; one well-paid chief at headquarters, with subordinates, whom he would be bound to visit constantly in each island. Thus for four administrators under the old *régime* were to be substituted one governor, with sufficient salary to attract good men, and three resident magistrates, with half the salary of the old administrators; similarly there was to be one treasurer-in-chief, and one attorney-general for the group, with double the present salaries. Further, gaols, hospitals, and other public institutions were to be centralized, the laws consolidated, the tariffs and shipping dues made uniform for the group. These measures were justly expected to produce increased revenue, greater prosperity, and more efficient service; decreased expenditure was also counted upon, though not with such good reason. But one thing is certain, that the proposed scheme would have been a great improvement on the present system, and it is much to be regretted that the colonists should have rejected it. That they should have done so is, however, matter of no surprise, so deep-rooted is the distrust of the executive and the Colonial Office, owing to years of misgovernment.

Before examining each island separately, it is necessary to look at the other

causes to which the backwardness and slow progress of these islands are due, *viz.*, the want of labor and capital. As regards capital, the difficulty of obtaining labor is one great deterrent, and the other (which does not apply to St. Lucia) is the restriction of its influx by the priority given to consignees' liens by the rule of the West India Encumbered Estates Court, "which prevents capitalists advancing money on the security of real property mortgages." St. Vincent, Grenada, and Tobago in the Windward group placed themselves under the court, and this rule of priority has been the ruin of many planters. Its effects, as generally understood in the islands themselves, are exactly those summed up by the commissioners in their report as to the working of the court.

"Leading lawyers warn their clients that mortgages on estates are worthless as securities. Planters can only obtain money from the one, two, or three firms who happen to be consignees, as well as to have command of capital. These firms thus obtain the monopoly of the supply of money. And in some of the islands the greater part of the cultivatable land has fallen into the hands of one mercantile firm in London, which has made such advances. We may instance the island of St. Vincent, where by far the greatest part of the available land is now in the hands of one London firm."

"The ultimate price of these advances varies in different cases. Usually the consignee undertakes the sale of the sugar, demanding a certain kind of sugar, and deciding on the time and place of sale. He also supplies the estate with all stores and machinery, and obliges the planter to use his ships. The planter thus loses all advantages of choice of time, and place of sale, all advantages of change in the kind of sugar made. He has to pay a varying 'extra' as commission on sale, extra freight, extra profit on stores and machinery, which the consignee charges, or may charge, in virtue of his monopoly. It has been calculated that in some cases the planter is forced ultimately to pay twelve to fifteen per cent. for the money he borrows. As we shall see in detail those colonies in which the consignee enjoys the priority of lien are the very colonies which suffer from a want of capital. In these colonies there is less progress, less prosperity, less profit."

To show how it is that estates accumulate in the hands of a London firm, the following remarks of an ex-attorney general in the West Indies will suffice: "The

consignee having advanced money has only to insist on new machinery being put up, or some other large outlay, and then suddenly to demand repayment. The estate is put through the court and bought by him at a low price."

The report of the commissioners has given this court its death blow, and it is shortly to be abolished. In its time it has done some good, but for many years it has been simply a burden, and the planter will rejoice to be freed from it.

As to the question of labor the answer is simple enough. The negro will not work on estates. This may be questioned by those who, from ignorance of the facts, or confusion of East Indian with African colored men, hold that the negro is irreproachably industrious; but none the less it is the truth, and serious enough. The reasons advanced to account for it are various, — low rate of wages, oppression of planters — but, in reality, it is simply the negro's distaste for work in the abstract. I do not mean to imply that he is in this respect singular, but certainly his enjoyment of absolute idleness is marvelously keen, indeed really enviable. His strength is to sit still in the shade, if it be hot — in the sun if it be cool. It is perfectly true that some laborers are always preferring complaints against the planters, more especially against the employers of coolie immigrant labor; but a negro's accusations are always to be received with caution, the more so as planters prefer negro labor to that of coolies, and are ready to pay higher for it. Nor is the remuneration inadequate, though, perhaps, to English notions small, *10d. to 1s. 3d.* being the usual daily wages (though more can be earned), generally supplemented by as much sugar-cane as the laborer can eat, rations of rum and sugar juice, and very often a plot of ground, sometimes granted for rent and sometimes free. Considering that a shilling will in most places feed a man for a week, this cannot be deemed illiberal or insufficient, but even where the cost of living is so small, there is a great deal of poverty, due simply to the preference given by the negro to a pig's life. Again, even those that do work for wages will not work regularly; a St. Lucia planter stated to the commission that he doubted if regular negro labor could be obtained at 18s. a week.

Squatting is a very serious mischief, so serious that nothing but effete administration would have suffered it to exist so long. In every island there are large tracts of

crown land, or land owned by nobody in particular; for boundaries of estates are ill-defined and titles not always clear. In these tracts flourish the squatters and riff-raff of the island. The first step is to cut down the trees which cover the ground, often valuable woods, and burn them for charcoal; then the newly cleared plot is planted with plaintains and other food crops, which, owing to the fertility of the soil require little or no cultivation, and there sits our friend idle till the little plot is cropped to death, when he moves on and clears another such, leaving the exhausted soil to be covered with rank, useless jungle. Thus the land is wasted (for as soon as it ceases to produce food spontaneously it is abandoned), and the rainfall seriously impaired — the removal of a dozen tall trees on a hilltop being quite enough to make the difference of abundance or drought in the valley adjoining. In St. Lucia the mischief was checked by a thorough survey of the island, by which all boundaries were defined and titles properly ascertained, so that no squatter was safe; but in St. Lucia only of the Windward group. The whole question, involving as it does that of forest conservation, is of vital importance to these islands, and should be taken in hand as early as possible before it is too late. I believe there is more wealth in some of these untouched forests than many dream of.

Smuggling is very profitable and very popular. The facilities for it are great, owing to the number of little inlets all round the islands, the thinness of the population, and the practical absence of prevention. It is impossible to provide a proper remedy against it without co-operation on the part of all the islands, Windward and Leeward, French and English, and even so the cost of an efficient preventive service would probably be too heavy. Something may be done, and latterly has been done, by stationing police at favorite spots, and assimilation of tariffs might also help somewhat by making smuggling less profitable. But there is too much reason to fear that planters profit by it as well as the lower classes, and if this be the case, the difficulties of putting a stop to illicit traffic will necessarily be greatly increased.

Thus the mischief due to these three causes, which might with proper government have been considerably reduced, is done; and now much of it is past healing. It must, however, be said in justice to the negroes, that as peasant proprie-

tors they are industrious and add materially to the prosperity of the islands where such a class exists; but at present it is found in Grenada alone of the Windward group. Meanwhile, it has been necessary to import coolie labor from the East Indies at heavy expense, which isolation and bad administration have not served to make lighter. In the first place, the islands, being disunited, cannot afford to keep their own immigration agent in India, and so have to depend on those of other colonies; and secondly, owing to mismanagement and helplessness on the part of the local executive, planters have frequently been put to great expense and received not a coolie in return. Then again, coolies do not as a rule stay in these small islands, but either claim their return passage to India or go across to Trinidad and British Guiana, where their brethren exist by tens of thousands and rise, in many cases, to affluence. Further, there is at present another distinct attraction which draws the laboring population away from the West Indies generally, *viz.*, the Panama Canal works. The company offers a dollar a day to negroes, and its agents are busy in every island. This is practically remediless, though something may be done, by warning all who go, that if they return as paupers the colony will not be burdened with their support. A notice to this effect was issued in Barbados in 1882, and was found a most successful deterrent.

But now it is time to pay a short visit to the several islands of the group, and Grenada being the headquarters let us begin with that. There she is, like all her sisters from Trinidad to Guadaloupe (and further for aught I know), a rugged mass of red rock and soil hurled up from the beautiful blue water, tumbled into lofty mountains and deep, precipitous valleys, and clothed with a mantle of green; wondrously beautiful, wondrously fertile, and reminded even now by occasional gentle earthshakings of her origin. The capital town of St. George's is, of course, on the leeward or western side, and the harbor is of the loveliest. The entrance is narrow and commanded by an old fort, a hundred feet above the sea, on the left thereof (for Grenada has changed hands more than once, and has seen some fighting in her time), and the quaint little town with its red French roofs curves round a steep hillside at the head of the inlet. The streets are narrow and paved with cobble-stones, but there is nothing that is interesting and a good deal that is unsa-

vory, so it is better to go at once to Government House, a hundred feet or so above it, and look inland. What is then to be seen? Mountains and forest, and apparently only one house; a wooded Dartmoor; but there are houses for all that, and what you take for forest is not all forest, but partly cacao plantations. And if you take a ride along the roads southward or westward (always assuming them to be passable) you shall find plenty of sugarcane fields, though not so many as you would have years ago, and a great many hillsides planted apparently with bananas, but in reality with cacao, for young cacao-trees are delicate and each must have its banana to shelter it from the sun. In a word Grenada is become a cacao instead of a sugar-growing island, and should do well. You shall find also nutmegs, a crop which pays well when the trees begin to bear, but, as with cacao, you must wait a few years and keep the ground clean. Nor is it every nutmeg-tree that will bear fruit, but only the female tree, and the percentage of males to females is remarkably small. Still, nutmegs pay well, and there is talk of trees being worth 40*l.* or 50*l.* annually. Pretty fruit it is too when ripe; the color of an apricot, but smaller, with a deep split in one side, showing a clot of blood red. That clot is mace, or allspice, which thinly overlays one side of the kernel or true nutmeg. Both are valuable commercially, and the outer rind makes excellent preserve. What would you more? Here is an isolated cacao-tree, low but widespread, with black trunk and long leaves like those of the Spanish chestnut, but darker and glossier, amid which you can see the great yellow pods shining like lamps. This also is a crop that pays well (if anything pays in these hard times); no continual need of skilled cultivation as with sugar, and no expense in working up the raw material. Here is a whole plantation of bearing trees; push on a little and you will find the estate buildings. Watch that negro as he cuts open the pods; there you see a number of purple brown beans, between thirty and forty if you count, each about the size of a filbert, floating in what appears to be liquid tallow. Now all those beans will be buried in leaves to ferment and "sweat out" that starchy, tallow-like matter, and then laid on the trollies, which are simply large trays on wheels, to dry in the sun. If rain should come on the trollies will be run under the house for shelter. That is the whole process here, except the pack-

ing of the beans in bags of, roughly, a hundred pounds weight, which, in good times, are worth from 45s. to 80s., according to quality. Then, besides cacao and nutmeg, we have vanilla, cloves, ginger, Liberian coffee, and Tonquin beans in small but increasing quantities; while of oranges, guavas, mangos, and other fruits we take no account.

With all this Grenada should be a flourishing island, and so in a certain sense it is, but there is plenty of room for further development. Not above three-eighths of the land is cultivated, and there are but forty-three thousand inhabitants to a total area of one hundred and thirty-three square miles. It is curious to note the difference that a century has made in these islands. In the four years 1878-1882 the annual exports from Grenada average as follows: Sugar, 4,250,000 lbs.; molasses, nil; rum, 10,000 gallons; cacao, 4,450,000 lbs. — valued at 210,000*l.* without any deduction. In 1776 the exports were: Sugar, 23,285,764 lbs.; rum, 818,700 gallons; cacao, 457,719 lbs.; coffee, 1,827,166 lbs.; cotton, 91,943 lbs.; indigo, 27,638 lbs. — valued at the port of shipment after the deduction of freight duties, insurance, and other charges, at 600,000*l.* In the same year 72,141 acres paid land-tax, and it was estimated that 50,000 were actually cultivated; in 1883 17,780 acres only were under cultivation, and yet the population in 1776 was 37,000 as against 43,000 at present, but of these 35,000 were slaves.

Still, the comparison would not tell so adversely to the present were it not that the revival of the island has been retarded by bad government. Grenada has been peculiarly unfortunate in her rulers; intemperance, incompetence, and imbecility have played a leading part latterly in her administration, and private enterprise has been greatly hampered thereby. Money liberally voted by the Legislative Council has been squandered and misappropriated. Grenada may be thankful that her central position has secured for her the headquarters of government; henceforth she may possibly be safer from scandals and the demoralization consequent thereon.

From Grenada let us pass northward, along the chain of the Grenadines, to St. Vincent. The capital, Kingstown, can boast of no harbor; nothing but an open roadstead, a narrow bay between two lofty horns. On the left horn is Fort Charlotte, eleven hundred feet above the sea, once renowned as impregnable; for St. Vin-

cent has seen more fighting than some islands, and at one time needed four English generals and seven thousand men to put down the French and insurgent blacks. From this fort, now used as police barracks, there is a good view of the town as it lies in a gentle curve along the narrow plain adjoining the beach. Its construction is simple; three streets a mile and a half long parallel to each other and to the sea, and as many running at right angles to them; the town ceasing abruptly where the ground begins to rise towards Mount St. Andrew, which towers up two thousand feet behind the whole. St. Vincent is rather larger than Grenada, equally beautiful and fertile, and nearly half of it is cultivated. Sugar, unfortunately, constitutes the staple product, but there is also considerable cultivation of arrowroot to the value of 30,000*l.* to 40,000*l.* annually. The island has suffered much owing to the accumulation of the greater part of the land in the hands of a single English firm, which, having the monopoly of capital and hence preponderating influence, holds the island practically in the hollow of its hand. These large proprietors will permit of no small holdings; they will let land for rent, but they will not sell; and they insist on the cultivation of sugar only, desiring to keep the people dependent on them — a vicious system fostered by the West Indian Encumbered Estates Court. Now the English sugar market has collapsed, and what will happen to St. Vincent no one knows. It is most probable that, unless some new convention be concluded with the United States, the land will go out of cultivation, and the colony be ruined owing to the short-sighted and selfish policy of the monopolist consignees. They, of course, will suffer as well as the island, but they deserve no pity, for it is they that have for so many years drawn large incomes from the West Indian colonies giving nothing countervailing in return, and have done, with their peers, incalculable injury, not in St. Vincent only but throughout the length and breadth of the Caribbean Archipelago. And poor St. Vincent is in other respects also an unlucky place; she has suffered above her sisters from wars, hurricanes, volcanic eruptions, and bad government. Once the botanic garden of the West Indies she has given place to Trinidad, and though some of the finest known nutmeg-trees still flourish around the government house to tell of past glory, yet they have latterly served only to put another hun-

dred pounds a year into the pockets of an unsuccessful administrator.

But we must leave St. Vincent and away, still northward, to St. Lucia. Our point is the two peaks visible many miles away over the sea-line; these are the Pitons, at the south-west corner of the islands, two sugarloaf-like mountains rising side by side sheer out of the sea to a height of nearly four thousand feet; the finest sight, some say, that is to be seen in the West Indies. Castries, the capital, is further to the north, tucked away in a long, deep inlet, snug and safe. Look away a mile or two to your left as you enter the harbor and you will see a bay with a small conical islet, barely apart from the mainland, at one end thereof; that is Pigeon Island and the bay is Gross Islet Bay. You know the names, of course? No! Well, it was from that bay that Rodney started on the 8th April, 1782, in pursuit of the French fleet under the Comte de Grasse, beginning on that day the action finally decided by the great victory of the 12th; and it was on that island, once strongly fortified and still covered with ruins of large barracks, that he stood and watched and longed for the appearance of the enemy. Nay, it was by Rodney's advice (so it is said) that we took St. Lucia, instead of Martinique, at the final conclusion of peace with France, for the sake of the harbor of Castries, which no hurricane can render unsafe. As usual there are lofty hills all around the inlet; that on the right as you enter, with the ruined fort at the summit, is the Morne Fortunée. That name is, at any rate, familiar? No! Well, this same Morne was in April and May, 1796, the scene of fierce fighting between the English and French. The English, under Sir Ralph Abercrombie, were the assailants, and actually drove the French from that terribly strong position; in which operations Brigadier John Moore so greatly distinguished himself that he was left to complete the subjugation of the island and to govern it when subdued. Moore remained in St. Lucia till 1797, refusing, meanwhile, the government of Grenada, and went home after two attacks of yellow fever; from the second of which he was saved, almost literally from his winding-sheet, to be buried, as every one knows, after years more of fighting, in his cloak at Coruña. Government house is still at the top of the Morne, and a military cemetery, until the advent of another soldier governor four years ago, neglected and uncared for, is within a stone's throw. The road leading to it is

so steep that a carriage can hardly ascend it, and how Moore got his guns up not only here, but also to higher hills behind, is a marvel. St. Lucia is still French in everything but name; the cheery hospitable planters speak French, or at all events prefer it, and the negroes have, as in Grenada, their own extraordinary patois. It is really a thriving little place, on a larger and grander scale than the rest of the group, nearly twice the size, in fact, of Grenada, but with a smaller population. Nevertheless, though far harder to traverse than the rest, owing to excessive ruggedness, and not quite so healthy as they are, it is far happier, quieter, and more prosperous, and its exports considerably exceed theirs. But then St. Lucia has never had a parody of representative government, nor the benefit of the West Indian Encumbered Estates Court, and, more important than all, has been fortunate in her administrators. Hence it was that the old families of Martinique, feeling no confidence in their own government, brought capital exceeding a year's revenue into St. Lucia, and thought it worth while to give 56,000*l.* for a valley sold but five years previously for 4,000*l.* Close to Castries is a *usine*, or central sugar factory on the French system, and very good sugar it produces; but here again the state of the sugar market must hit St. Lucia hard, yet not, it is devoutly to be hoped, fatally hard. Though sugar is the staple crop, cocoa is rising in popularity, and logwood forms also an article of export; moreover, efforts are making to cultivate tobacco, for which the soil is well suited. Then again the harbor is naturally very good, and with some expenditure may be greatly improved; already Atlantic steamers can coal alongside the wharfs, and no fewer than eight lines make Castries a coaling station. To make the harbor perfect, elaborate plans and estimates prepared by a celebrated English engineer, set down the cost at 100,000*l.*; but for a fifth of that sum much could be done. Then the necessary defences would take another 50,000*l.*, and Martinique being but thirty miles away, some think it would be well for them to be taken in hand at once. One disadvantage only, and that greatly exaggerated, renders St. Lucia somewhat unpopular to planters in other islands, viz., the abundance of snakes, especially of that venomous kind known as the *fer-de-lance*. The deaths from snake-bite, however, are not very many, and advancing cultivation will go far towards diminishing the number of these reptiles. At

one time government offered a reward for every snake killed, but the astute negro used to take ship and hie him to Martinique, whence he returned with a boat-load of snakes which that island could very well afford to dispense with, and depleted the reward fund; so the practice had to be stopped. For all this St. Lucia, if the present crisis in the sugar trade be successfully passed, may be expected to rise in importance and, outstripping the rest of the group, to take her place eventually at their head.

The distance to Tobago from Grenada is eighty-three miles, south and east. Tobago is the least of the Windward Islands, with a total area of seventy-three thousand acres, less than half of which are cultivated. The population is about eighteen thousand and stationary; the revenue about 13,000*l.* and decreasing; the general condition bad and growing worse.

There is no denying the fact that Tobago is a miserable place; its very capital contains little over a thousand people, and the public officers live in houses which hardly keep the rain out, and work in offices which are falling to pieces for want of repair. Who would think that Tobago was ever worth fighting for, as she is now? and yet we know that she was fought for. Can we not see as we look over Scarborough town from the dangerous roadstead, outside, a fort on the right-hand hill and a great square-topped mountain behind it? and do we not know that the square top is another fort to which the French dragged their guns in some marvellous way and then smote us out of the island? But now, after many years' monopoly of land by a London firm that never gave back a tithe of what it received, after the unparalleled misfortune of government by two in succession of the worst administrators that ever turned a place upside down, and eternal bickerings among subordinates, what can be said for Tobago? Have not three years of vastly improved administration failed to do more than keep her head above water, and that only by severest retrenchment? And yet the island is as fertile and as lovely as any. Humbler than the rest, more hilly than mountainous, it is easier to make roads, and, through a fortunate abundance of good metal, easier to keep them up than in St. Vincent, Grenada, and St. Lucia—a great advantage and a great economy to any island. Further, there is plenty of pasture and some exportation of cattle, while Tobago ponies are well known and in considerable request. Latterly, moreover, there has been

an increasing exportation of cocoanuts (N.B., Coconut palms and cacao-trees are not, as some think, identical), which are very abundant, cost nothing to cultivate, and pay well. But few vessels call at Tobago, the mail indeed but once a month; and so, even if produce be ready, it is hard to get it shipped. Sugar, of course, is conveyed in the bottoms of the consignees; but these are not available for those who wish to keep out of their clutches. And, unless I am mistaken, the Tobago monopolist firm failed some months since, and in that case the greater part of the land must have gone out of cultivation. In any case the restriction of the cultivation to sugar only must tell heavily in this island as in St. Vincent, and the outlook is very dismal.

Such are these Windward Islands; once, with their sisters to Leeward, as fair and rich possessions as ever were owned perhaps by any country. Ruined forts, ruined barracks, neglected cemeteries, remain to show the price we were willing to pay for them; but of the former prosperity not a trace. Once with no fear for aught save war and hurricane, they have lived to dread Exeter Hall and the Manchester School more than either of these; for their overthrow was not by storm nor by the sword, but by two acts of the British Parliament passed in 1833 and 1846, which are remembered by Englishmen as the triumphs of emancipation and free trade, but by the West Indians as times of ruin and distress. Ever since the West Indies have struggled to recover themselves, and now a third great crisis is on them—the admission of bounty-fed sugar on the same terms as free sugar has destroyed their trade, the rejection of Mr. Lubbock's Convention with the United States for the free admission of West Indian produce has shattered their last hopes, and ruin stares the vast majority, whose staple produce is sugar, in the face. What the ultimate effect will be, none can tell; the immediate effect is open dissatisfaction and outcry for annexation to the United States—a sad sign in colonies which plumed themselves on their loyalty. The question is too long for treatment here, but it is certain that the danger is serious and pressing, and unless something be done, and that quickly, the report of the Royal Commission must go for naught and the present condition go from bad to worse. Thus with sad misgivings for the future I take leave of these beautiful and unhappy islands. Their former prosperity was doubtless artificial; free-

dom and free trade destroyed it utterly; but the downfall is real enough. Success and failure were alike of our making; but both turned to our advantage, while so far from helping the islands in their need, we have gradually withdrawn every privilege; the garrisons so highly prized have been removed, incapable governors have been entrusted with the administration, and consignees and money-lenders, secure under an act of Parliament, have taken the lion's share of the produce to let themselves live in plenty in England. It is a sad story; when they piped unto us we danced, when they mourned unto us we lamented not. This is the complaint of the West Indies against England. Will she listen? I fear not.

From Temple Bar.

THE CHESS-PLAYER.

CHAPTER I.

THOSE whose interest in records of the supernatural is based chiefly, or entirely, upon what is monstrous or horrible, will find little pleasure in the perusal of the following narrative; a narrative of events most wild, truly, and most strange, yet in themselves most simple. Regarding the *facts* of which I speak, to their truth I can bear witness. That they have filled me with amazement, with perplexity, even with dread, I freely own; but their reality I cannot deny, unless I refuse the evidence of my own senses. As to explanation, that is another matter. On that point I prefer to remain silent, and to content myself with a plain narration, since I confess I am not able to advance any conjecture which a sound judgment could approve, or which would not lay me open to a charge of superstition.

It was towards the close of a dark, heavy, and sombre autumn day that I, together with the messenger who had summoned me, arrived in sight of the house in which my services as a physician were required. It stood on the further shore of a black and silent lake, round which the solitary glades and mountain passes extended for many miles without other sign of human habitation. The spot was, indeed, in the last degree wild and lonely; nor did the aspect of the ancient mansion, black with age against the edge of the black water, do much to relieve the melancholy impressiveness of the scene.

The only way of approach to the mansion lay across the lake. My guide un-

fastened the chain of a small boat which slept among the sedges at our feet, and having taken my seat in the prow, we pushed off into the dark water. The shore receded, and the two great hills from which we had descended. Before us lay the mansion, backed by still loftier mountains, the peaks of which rose far into the sky. As we approached the building I regarded its details with growing curiosity; the strangeness of its situation, locked, as it were, in a recess of rock — the moss-grown, castellated walls — the ancient tower — the narrow, slit-like windows — the flight of steps descending to the water. What strange inhabitant was this, I wondered, who preferred this aged tenement, in its solitude, its wildness, and its glamor, to the luxuriant surroundings of a modern dwelling? Who could support, day after day, and season after season, the lifeless lustre of that inky lake, the unchangeable oppression of those overwatching hills? Certainly, no common person.

"Certainly, no common person." As I repeated these words to myself the boat touched the fungus-tinted granite of the steps ascending to the archway of the door. Another servant appeared at the entrance, who, taking my bag and wrapper, preceded me into a dusky hall, where the light which entered through the deep-set pointed windows was barely sufficient to reveal the rich oaken carving of the walls and ceiling, the ancient and faded tapestries which veiled the doorways, and the spectral gleaming of suspended arms. Nothing here seemed to have been disturbed for ages. Not a sign of modern life was visible. The dust of centuries blackened the rafters. The scent of antiquity was in the air.

Thence I was conducted through many narrow, shadowy, and winding corridors to a small chamber at the other end of the building. This room was furnished in a more recent style, and indeed, except for the scarcity of light occasioned by the same pointed and narrow windows which I had before observed, might have been called a comfortable apartment. The floor and ceiling were, indeed, of the same black oak as before; an antique lamp hung from the roof by a long chain; the door was screened by a curtain of tarnished tapestry; so much was ancient, mediæval. But the walls were surrounded with shelves and stored with books, papers and writing materials lay on the table, and an easy-chair stood invitingly beside a cheerful fire. The room was empty.

"My master will be with you immediately, sir," said the servant. With this announcement he retired, and I was left alone.

As I now stood before the fire, it struck me for the first time as a little remarkable that I did not even know my patient's name. I had been summoned on this errand by mere chance, my door-plate having happened to be the first to catch the eye of the messenger. I was a new arrival in the neighborhood, and knew little of the residents. Of this remote and singular dwelling I had never so much as heard. I looked round the room. Immediately my attention became arrested and my interest awakened. Whatever sort of person might turn out to be the owner of this strange place, it was evident that he had one passion in common with myself. On the table stood a *chess-board*, with a game half played. Beside the board lay a note-book, in which seemed to be pencilled remarks on the position. I approached the bookshelves. One whole shelf — some dozens of volumes — contained solely works referring to the game, from the largest German *Handbuch* to the thinnest pamphlet; transactions of chess societies in all parts of the world; bulky scrap-books filled with cuttings of problems, games, and annotations. Several of the volumes were of the rarest kind, such as I had never hoped to set my eyes on. And I too was a *virtuoso*, and a poor one! Is it any wonder that for some minutes at least I envied the fortunate possessor of these treasures with all my heart?

I had, however, little time to moralize upon this villany of fortune. My reflections were cut short by the opening of the door. I turned, and found myself face to face with the object of my envy.

For a moment we looked at each other in silence, and with mutual surprise. I saw before me a man somewhat past the prime of life, with a face which could not but be called beautiful even in its extreme fragility and pallor. I have said that he appeared to be somewhat past the prime of life; but his true age would have been difficult to determine. One who had looked only at his face, and at his strangely bright, yet tintless eyes, would have pronounced him young; yet his hair was the hair of a very old man, being as white as snow or ashes.

The surprise with which I regarded him, however, arose not from his appearance, but from a strange discovery which I made as my eyes fell on his person.

Long though it was since I had seen them last, these peculiarities of face and figure were perfectly familiar to me. It was impossible that I could be mistaken.

"Philip — Philip Froissart!" I ejaculated at last, recovering a little from my astonishment.

"What," he answered on his side, "Paul Seldon!" And thereupon we clasped hands with all the cordiality of an old regard.

Strange and unexpected meeting! Five-and-twenty years — the quarter of a century — had passed since I and Philip Froissart had met. As undergraduates of the same college, we had once been close and intimate friends; and I had known as much of Froissart as it was possible to know of a person of his peculiar nature. But from the time of our leaving the university, our ways of life had drawn us far apart; me to walk a London hospital, Froissart to wander in luxurious idleness to all parts of the civilized world. The circumstances of our life had been wholly different. Each had been carried away by separate billows of the great ocean; and thus it happened, as it often does happen in such cases, that though our friendship had never been broken, nor weakened, nor forgotten, we had passed out of each other's sight "like ships upon the sea." And now our paths had crossed again — how strangely! Yet my surprise was not so great as it might have been had I not been well acquainted with the character of my friend. I knew that neither his tastes nor his actions nor his motives were those of other men. I knew the *mysteriousness* (I can find no better term) which shadowed his character from the common eye. I knew well his passion for the singular, the strange, and the fantastic. I remembered his reserve, his love of solitude. The strangely interesting place in which I found him, seemed, indeed, the fitting habitation of such a man. An ancient saying, picked up I know not where, preserved in I know not what "untrodden region of my mind," passed through my brain, "As the eagle inherits the mountain summits, the owl the hollow yew-tree, the hermit the hill-cave, and the corpse the tomb," — so seemed this old, this time-dimmed mansion, so remote, so strange, so melancholy, so forgotten, the fitting and congenial home of Philip Froissart.

We sat down, and for some moments regarded each other in silence. Although I had not failed to recognize him at first sight, on thus observing him with atten-

tion I found that years had not passed without leaving their mark on Froissart. The alteration was not so perceptible in his face or figure as in his voice and manner, which from having formerly been remarkable for their weighty calmness and self-possession now seemed nervous, restless, and agitated.

The appearance of illness — perhaps I should rather say of disquietude and agitation — in his face recalled to me the purpose for which I had been summoned. I inquired whether it was on his own account that he had sent for medical advice. He replied in the affirmative. What then were his symptoms? What did he suspect?

Froissart answered me with clearness and precision. I gathered from his replies that he was suffering from disorder of the nervous system, accompanied by prolonged insomnia. He had, moreover, lately had suspicion, from certain sensations in that organ, that his heart was affected. "I am not naturally a nervous subject," he added with a melancholy smile, "but at present I am no better than an old woman, Paul. I fear you will find me quite a ruin, perhaps beyond the capacity of your art to restore."

I sent without delay for my bag, produced a stethoscope, and examined him carefully. I could find nothing wrong; on the contrary, all the important organs of the body were in sound condition. The nervousness, together with the resulting insomnia, of which he spoke, proceeded therefore from some outer cause, which it now became my business to discover. The supposed affection of the heart was merely imaginary.

"Froissart," I said, when I had finished, "I can only account for your state by supposing you to be subject to some secret cause of agitation of which you have not spoken. If such be the case you must not hide it, or I can do nothing for you."

As I said these words Froissart started and regarded me with agitation — but he was silent. The action was not lost on me. I did not think fit to increase his disturbance by pressing the question further; but I paused a moment, so as to give him space to answer, if he pleased. He understood my silence.

"It is just," he said at length, "it is very just. I will not hide it. I have — I have a most strange story to tell you, Paul. And it is because it is so strange, so unaccountable, so incredible, that I hesitate to tell it, lest you think me mad or dreaming."

He paused; the tone was peculiar; I waited with much curiosity for him to continue. But my curiosity was doomed, for the time, to disappointment.

"But not now," he said, after a moment's hesitation, "not now. This is neither the time nor the place; and I am ashamed to have kept you here talking about my ailments when you must be dying of hunger. It is true that if I lived like a hermit in a rock I could hardly be more solitary than I am; but my fare is somewhat better than an anchorite's, as I hope to show you. Come."

Curbing the curiosity which his words, and no less his manner, had excited in me (perhaps the more easily owing to the fact that I was really beginning to feel a little hungry), I followed Froissart into a neighboring apartment, where a table was already spread for two persons. This room, like the hall into which I had first been ushered, was of dark and ancient aspect. The silver on the table bore the same impression of antiquity — it was massive, richly wrought, and stamped with a device of armorial arms. Froissart had not exaggerated when he likened himself in solitude to a hermit. His establishment, it appeared, consisted of himself alone, together with the few domestics necessary for his requirements. Notwithstanding this, the dinner to which we sat down was excellent; the wine was choice; and I secretly applauded Froissart's good sense and taste. I am no *bon vivant*; yet I confess I have much sympathy with the dictum of the great humorist, "I shrink instinctively from one who professes to like minced veal." I noticed, however, that Froissart himself ate little, though he drank with less moderation; a sign from which I boded ill. I need not say that I observed him with attention — at least I need not say so to one of my own profession. No lynx, no eagle, has, nor needs to have, such eyes as a physician. And I was a physician watching a friend.

As we dined, our conversation, as might have been expected, turned upon the events which had filled the lives of each of us during the twenty years and more which had elapsed since we had parted. Froissart's life, as he related it, had however been a singularly uneventful one, while, at the same time, it had been essentially characteristic of the man. Many years before, he told me, he had fallen in with the owner of that house, and had accepted an invitation to pass a few days in his company. A strong community of

tastes drew together host and guest ; days flew by, and still Froissart lingered ; days passed into weeks, weeks into months, months into years, and still he and old Martin Sombras — a bachelor like himself — lived together in the solitary mansion. The life suited them both, and, what is more singular, they suited each other. Their days were occupied in scientific investigations, in which both took much interest. Their evenings passed — *in playing chess*, which game was in Sombras an engrossing passion.

I could not conceive why Froissart, as he mentioned this very simple and natural fact (for I well knew his old skill and love of the game), should exhibit a return of that same nervous agitation which I had observed in him before. It was but for a moment, it is true ; and yet I was sure that I was not mistaken. It was strange.

In this way, Froissart continued, they had lived together uninterruptedly till three months ago, when old Martin Sombras suddenly died, leaving the house and the whole of his property, which was considerable, to his companion of so many years. Since that time Froissart had lived absolutely alone, nor had he even crossed the lake since the day on which he had seen his old friend carried to the grave ; "That lake," he so expressed himself, "over which all worldly rumor flies as slowly, and perishes as surely, as birds that wandered of old over the waters of Aornis."

As Froissart spoke, a picture arose in my mind's eye. I saw again the gloomy water, as it was when I had crossed it in the afternoon — black, impenetrable, stilled as night and death. The fancy struck me at the moment to ask Froissart the cause of the remarkable appearance of the water — so lustrous, yet so sombre.

"I suppose," I said, "the lake is unusually deep?"

"Deep?" he repeated. "You are right ; it is so. *How* deep I am unable to tell you. There is an old saying in the neighborhood that it reaches to the centre of the earth ; and the legend, however absurd, shows that the extreme depth of the water has been long known. It is, I believe, an undoubted fact that the lake has never been fathomed."

Froissart rose from the table as he spoke, and led the way back to the library, where our coffee was brought to us by a manservant. Evening had now closed in, and the burning fire and the lighted lamp made the room look warm and comfortable. And yet I felt, without precisely knowing why, a curious uneasiness. Per-

haps, scarcely recognized by myself, the recollection of the mystery of which Froissart had obscurely spoken, continued to haunt the inmost recesses of my mind. Froissart, however, made no further allusion to the subject, and I forebore to press him for an explanation, which might not perhaps be agreeable to his humor. He should choose his own time. We had arranged that I should stay with him for a day or two at least — perhaps longer ; so that there was no occasion for haste.

It so happened, however, that this very evening was not to pass by without a beginning of those strange events which it has so singularly fallen to my lot to chronicle.

For something unusual, even startling, I was of course to some extent forewarned by the sentences which Froissart had let fall. For what actually occurred, however, it is impossible that any mortal could have been prepared.

I have said that, in spite of the warmth and comfort of the surroundings, I was conscious of a sensation of uneasiness. It was perhaps — or certainly — the steady growth of this sensation over me which at length prompted me to speak of it aloud.

"Froissart," I said suddenly, after a long interval of silence, during which we had both become engrossed in our own thoughts, "there is something about this old house of yours which makes me shiver. What is it? Have you not felt it? It is something ghostly, I am sure."

I said these words of course merely in jest ; but Froissart started, as if my voice had roused him from a reverie. His strange agitation returned ; he grew paler than before, gazed at me with a most singular expression, and seemed about to speak — but, as before, after a moment's hesitation, he remained silent. At the same time he glanced at the ancient time-piece which stood over the fireplace, as if suddenly reminded of something he had forgotten.

"Paul," he said hurriedly, "I must leave you for a short time. I shall probably be back in a few minutes ; but if I am detained you will not mind amusing yourself with a book, I know. I am exceedingly sorry to leave you even for a minute, but you will excuse me, I am sure." And murmuring apologies for leaving me alone, he hurried out of the room.

I was so much surprised at the strangeness and excitement of his manner that for a moment I did nothing. Then I sprang from my seat, and followed him.

A sudden impulse resolved me to urge him to grant at once the confidence he had promised me, and not to endanger his health further with agitations which he was evidently in no condition to bear. My intervention of course might not be necessary; so much the better if it were not. But I chose to be on the safe side.

When I gained the door, Froissart was already at the end of the corridor; in a moment more I lost sight of him. When I reached the spot where he had been, he was no longer to be seen. There were, however, two ways only which he could have taken. On the right was another gallery which opened out of the one in which I stood; on the left was a dark and narrow flight of stairs which appeared to lead upwards into the tower. Had he taken the gallery he would, I thought, still have been visible—for he would hardly have been able to reach the end of it in so short a time. He must then have taken the stairs.

I stopped, and listened. The flight, as I have said, was dark, and I could see nothing; but listening, I thought I heard a sound above as of the unlocking of a door. This decided me. I turned towards the stairs.

I ascended slowly and with caution, for the steps were cramped and winding. Once or twice I stopped and listened; but I could now hear nothing. After what seemed to me an interminable ascent, the stairs came out upon a broad landing on which two or three doors opened. From one of these, at the opposite end of the landing to which I stood, a light shone; and now I could see that Froissart was there, and in the act of striking a light and kindling a lamp. I was about to advance, when the lamp flamed up, and the interior of the room became visible. It was of small dimensions, and seemed to be fitted up as a workshop. I saw a lathe, a bench, a small forge, a confusion of wood and iron materials, and a quantity of tools. But I did not see these only.

To my extreme surprise, Froissart was not alone. The room was already tenanted.

In the middle of the chamber was a small, low, square table, the top of which was fitted with a chess-board. The pieces, of red and white ivory, were drawn up as at the commencement of a game. At this table a man was already sitting, with his side face turned towards me, and his eyes apparently fixed upon the board. His aspect was singular, not to say startling,—it was that of a foreigner—of an Orien-

tal. His dress consisted of a coiled turban, a long, loose, flowing robe, hanging sleeves, a crimson scarf, and a jewelled collar. His complexion appeared to be swarthy; he wore a long, grey beard; and he sat before the table in a thoughtful attitude, his elbow resting on the arm of his chair.

I have said that I was surprised—startled; so much it was natural that I should be. The unusual dress and nationality of the figure, especially strange in that place, was sufficient to account for such sensations. Yet neither word describes with exactness the nature of my feelings. My heart trembled in its seat; my blood was troubled in its current. It was as if the uneasy feeling I had previously experienced had suddenly become intensified a hundredfold as my eyes rested on the chequered table, and the figure which sat before it. *Are there mysterious influences, not human, which make their presence felt like witchcraft, unintelligible to men? What was near me?*

Froissart, having lighted the lamp, took his seat at the table opposite the Oriental. His behavior surprised me much. Even from the distance at which I stood, I could see that he was laboring under strong excitement. On taking his seat, he looked tremulously towards the turbaned figure, and hastily moved a pawn. Then he remained gazing at his opponent without moving or speaking, as if in a sort of fascination.

The feeling of breathless expectancy, which seemed to possess him, extended itself to me. I waited silently, even in trepidation, for what would happen next.

Five minutes wasted—ten minutes—still Froissart sat thus, his eyes fixed intently, eagerly, upon the face before him. My surprise increased; I could not conceive why the other did not move his pawn in answer. The first moves in a game of chess are stereotyped, and require no consideration. Yet the player continued to gaze fixedly at the board, apparently absorbed in thought, and gave no sign of motion.

A hundred thoughts, surmises, perplexities, speculations, flitted through my brain, each more bewildering than the rest. How came this strange personage to be sitting here alone in the dark tower before Froissart came? What was the cause of Froissart's curious agitation? For what reason had he left me to play chess with this mysterious stranger? Wherefore did the stranger thus refuse to play? And wherefore—above all!—did I feel my-

self so chill, so shaken, as if I had beheld a resurrection from the dead?

As I was vainly endeavoring to conjecture what could be the explanation of these things, or rather, not so much conjecturing as lost in a bewildering sense of their existence, Froissart changed his attitude. He rose, drew a deep breath, and prepared to extinguish the lamp. Had I been capable of feeling further surprise, I think I should have felt it. Nothing had happened — nothing which explained the presence of the stranger, nothing which even suggested a motive for Froissart's visit to the tower — yet he was evidently coming away. As he stretched out his hand to take the lamp, I advanced towards the door. He heard my step, and, turning round and seeing who it was, he came forward at once with the lamp in his hand, shutting and locking the door behind him.

"How did you find your way up here?" he said, in a voice which he strove, not altogether successfully, to render easy and unconcerned. "Have I been long gone?"

I told him — I explained without reserve the reasons which had induced me to follow him. He understood me; he pressed my hand in silence. We descended the stairs together.

"To-morrow," he said — "to-morrow I purpose to tell you all. To-night it is late, and my story is a long one; nor do I feel at this moment either the courage or the humor. Did you see?" — dropping his voice to its lowest key — "did you see —"

"I did," I answered, replying to his look; "and I will ask you but one question, Froissart — perhaps a very strange one. Is that figure yonder — is it, or is it not — *alive*?"

We had, as I have said, been descending the stairs as we spoke thus; and we had by this time reached the door of the chamber in which I was to pass the night. Froissart regarded me with a singular expression.

"I know not whether you will decide that I am mad," he said, "if I answer truthfully that question. Perhaps you would be justified in so thinking, though you would be wrong. Yet I will answer it. You asked me whether or not yonder figure is a living being; and I now tell you — *that I do not know!*"

As he returned this strange reply, his voice, his manner, thrilled me. I looked attentively at Froissart. His face was now composed, his voice steady, his eye

clear and calm. I could perceive in him no trace of aberration or illusion. And yet his words were surely "wild and whirling" as those of nightmare, of frenzy, of delirium.

CHAPTER II.

We separated for the night; but it was long before I retired to rest; and when at last I did so, I lay awake for hours, my brain busy with conjectural explanations of what I had seen and heard. No explanation, however, presented itself to my mind which I could accept as being in the least degree satisfactory. The only solution which seemed at all possible was that which had been present to my thoughts when I put to Froissart the question which he had so strangely answered — that the figure I had seen was a machine, skilfully constructed in human shape — in other words, an automaton. And yet how to reconcile his answer with this theory? — a theory which moreover, after all, explained nothing, neither Froissart's agitation, nor the motive of his visit to the tower, nor his behavior in the presence of the figure, nor his inexplicable answer, nor my own sensations. No; this solution would not serve. Yet I could think of no other which did not seem still wilder and more fantastic. At length I gave up in despair the attempt to find an explanation of the mystery, and, weary of vain conjectures, I fell asleep.

But now the events of the day, pursuing my vexed spirit through the veil of slumber, again rose up before it, clad in wild disguises, arrayed in changed and bewildering and phantasmagorical forms. I thought I was again in the small boat in which I had that afternoon been ferried across the lake, and was crossing, as then, the unfathomable waters towards the mansion. But now, though as before I sat in the vessel's prow, I was not alone — Froissart was by my side; and in place of the old man who had been my guide another figure occupied the stern — a figure veiled, shadowy, heart-shaking. As I gazed stupefied at this presence, suddenly it rose up, enlarged itself, towered up gigantic, and grew distinct and brilliant; and now I knew again the turbaned figure of the dark tower! For some moments it held itself motionless; then its hands were outstretched, its eyes glittered, its mouth parted, and it advanced upon us. Froissart shrank before it, cowering behind me. Still it came on, nearer, nearer; till in the terror of the moment, and unable to endure further the agitation

its presence caused me, I sprang up suddenly before it. The figure recoiled, tottered, lost its balance, and fell heavily over the side of the boat into the gloomy flood, in which it instantly disappeared. At the same instant I awoke and saw Froissart himself, who had come to call me, standing beside my pillow.

It was on my lips to tell him the strange imaginations which had possessed me; but I refrained. I rose, and we descended to the room in which we had dined the night before, and where the morning meal awaited us. Somewhat to my surprise, and much to my disappointment, Froissart made no reference to the events of the preceding night, nor to his promise of revelation. We passed the hours of the morning in conversation on many subjects; and I found that my curiosity was doomed to be prolonged. It was not until the afternoon, when the brief November day was already dying, that on a sudden, and with considerable abruptness, Froissart rose from the chair where he had been sitting for some time in reflection, and desired me to follow him.

I had no need to ask him whither. His voice, his face, his manner, answered me at once more clearly than words. At last the hour was come.

Froissart led the way in silence to the dark tower.

We reached the stairs—we mounted—we stood before the door. Froissart inserted the key, the door opened, and we entered.

The figure I had seen the night before was sitting before his chequered table, with the turban, beard, and flowing robe, exactly as I had seen them. On one point, however, I found that I had been mistaken; the eyes of the figure were not fixed, as I had supposed, upon the pieces, but were gazing straight before him.

I regarded him with strangely mingled sensations of curiosity and awe. The latter feeling I could not entirely account for; I reflected that it was probably a survival of that which I had experienced the previous evening, strengthened by a memory of that strange dream which had disturbed my sleep. Otherwise, I saw no cause for agitation. On viewing the figure thus closely and by daylight, I discovered at once that my supposition had been correct. The figure was an artificial construction, a machine in the shape of a man. There was no room for doubt; the beard was stiff and lifeless, the features mask-like, the eyes of glass. It had been merely the effect of distance and un-

certain light which had deceived me. I spoke my thoughts aloud.

"It is, then, really an automaton."

"It *was* so," returned Froissart, with a curious emphasis. I looked at him inquiringly, not comprehending.

"It *was* so!" I repeated. "And what then is it now?"

"As I have said," he answered, "an automaton it *was*. What it now is, God knows. Let us be seated, Seldon; and listen to a most strange story. If you find it not altogether incredible I shall be amazed. And yet of its truth I cannot be less firmly assured than I am of the reality of my own existence."

He paused for a moment; then resumed.

"This figure—this automaton, since I must call it so—was the invention of my old friend, Martin Sombras. It was devised, as no doubt you have divined, to play a game of chess with an opponent. Many such figures have been constructed, differing more or less in detail, but all depending for their mode of action upon the presence of some human player carefully concealed either within the figure itself, or in a chest upon which the board was placed. Sombras's idea, however, was radically different from these. He conceived the possibility of constructing an automaton which should be really such—that is, such that any move made by its opponent should set in motion a part of its machinery, which would thereupon cause the figure to make the answering move required by the particular combination of the game. Impossible as this may seem at first sight, the method by which it was accomplished was in reality wonderfully simple. Indeed, if you are acquainted with certain devices of somewhat similar nature—Babbage's calculating machine for example—you will be aware that this is not the only instance in which machinery has been made to accomplish, by most simple combinations, results apparently impossible."

I admitted that this was so.

"I need not then go into details," continued Froissart, "which are, moreover, unnecessary to my story. I may just mention, however, that the squares of the board are movable, and the men are variously weighted. The fact is, the design was never completed. Three months ago, just as it was finished, requiring only a screw or so to be put in, Sombras died, as I have told you.

"I must now relate to you more particularly the manner of his death. It was

one evening when we were engaged as usual in playing chess. The game was an absorbing one. It was the last of a series which we had been playing in order to test the merits of an opening which Sombras had discovered, and which, with the fondness of a discoverer, he held to be invincible. For some time I had maintained the contrary; yet, as Sombras beat me game after game, I began to feel shaken in my opinion. At last, however, I believed I had discovered a weakness in his method. That game was to decide it. If I failed this time there could be little doubt that Sombras had hit upon a discovery which might revolutionize the game.

"We began to play; and it seemed that I had been right. The move I had devised appeared to have broken up the attack; so at least I thought as I sat waiting for Sombras to reply to it. He was already putting out his hand to do so when to my horror he paused, uttered a deep groan, and sank back in his chair—insensible. Perhaps the excitement, the strain of thought, had brought on the attack; which is the more probable as his health was at that time perilously feeble. But whatever was the cause, the result was terribly sure. He was carried to his room, doctors were sent for, and arrived—too late! Long before they came, my old friend was dead."

Froissart paused, and his voice trembled. I said nothing; and presently he resumed.

"I have hurried over this part of my story as briefly as possible, for the deep pain of it is with me still. It was by far the saddest moment of my life when I returned from the melancholy duty of following his coffin to the vault, to this old house where he and I had lived together so long. The evening of that day was gloomy and depressing; a low cloud brooded over the country like a pall; a fine and steady rain fell dolefully. Melancholy and sick at heart I roamed aimlessly and in silence through the empty house, regarding in every room the well-remembered tokens of my dead friend. At last my restless wanderings brought me to the tower—to this apartment. It was already dark when I entered it, and I carried in my hand no lamp.

"The room, I say, was dark when I entered it, and I struck a light and kindled the swinging lamp. As it began to glimmer fitfully, and to throw a doubtful light about the interior, my heart all of a sudden gave a great bound, and then

seemed to stop beating. I was not alone! Some one was sitting there in the middle of the room. For some minutes, as the lamp glimmered and spluttered and would not blaze up into a clear flame, I stood there with a shivering feeling, only able to make out that a dark and silent figure, a mysterious presence, was before me. In another moment the lamp flamed up brightly and gave forth a clear light. What a delicious sensation of relief I felt! The startling object, on becoming visible, turned out to be nothing more terrible than the automaton, which I had quite forgotten, seated as usual before his little table.

"I broke into a laugh at my own folly, not without a reflection that my nervous system must certainly be out of order. To think of my being frightened by that familiar figure, which I had seen a hundred times, sitting there so tranquilly before his chequered board! The sight of it touched me with a strange sense of the pathetic. I remembered how it had been for years the occupation and the delight of my old friend, to work at it, to calculate for it, to invent for it new movements and improved details. I knew how it had come to form at last—this creature of his brain—the interest of his life. He had loved it, as it grew into perfection, as a parent loves an only child. And now he would never watch it play a game as he had planned; never see the moment on which his heart had been set. And he had died moreover, leaving unaccomplished the one other ambition of his life, to have linked his name immortally to the game he loved, as the inventor of a new and grand and revolutionary opening.

"My thoughts, however, were suddenly diverted into another channel. I was struck with a discovery which puzzled me greatly. The chessmen on the table at which the figure sat were not ranged in order as at the commencement of play, but were stationed irregularly about the board, as in the position of an unfinished game. Several pieces on both sides had been taken, and lay on the table beside the board. But what amazed me was the fact, that the position of the men on the squares was perfectly familiar to me. I recognized it in an instant; I could not be mistaken. It was the game which I and Sombras had last played together, and which had been broken off on account of his attack.

"I say I was amazed, and with good reason—my poor friend had never, I knew well, entered that room after his

seizure. Who then had placed the men in the position they now occupied? The more I thought of this matter the more unaccountable it seemed. Yet there could be no doubt of the fact. In order to be sure that the positions were indeed identical I examined the board closely, in case I should have been deceived by a partial similarity. But no; the pieces stood man for man as I remembered them. I even recollected to what the move I had made seemed to lead up, and what I had intended to play afterwards—a move which opened out an exceedingly interesting and novel combination. The move was possibly unsound; and yet I believed that I had analyzed it correctly. As I now looked at the board the whole returned to my mind as clearly as when I first conceived it. I found myself repeating in my mind that the only plausible retort on the part of my opponent would be such-and-such a move—P. to Q. B. 3, as a matter of fact. Half unconsciously I took a seat before the board opposite the automaton, and became gradually quite lost in speculation. At length, in order to consider what the effect of my proposed move would be, I placed my hand on the queen and played the move I contemplated—Q. to K. 5.

"Instantly the figure on the other side of the table stretched out its hand deliberately over the board, and made the answering move—P. to Q. B. 3.

"I will not attempt to describe my amazement. I fell back in my seat and gazed for many minutes in stupefaction at the figure of the automaton; nor could I, during that time, had my very life depended on the action, have risen from my seat or uttered a sound. The figure sat there motionless, with its eyes apparently fixed upon the board. Presently, however, finding that I did not move again, it raised its head and fastened its glassy orbs on mine. There it sat, looking at me with large, mild eyes, which now (I am ready to swear it) seemed to be *alive*. Great heavens! Oh, ancient earth and sky! It *must* have been my fancy! I thought the face of the figure *now* bore a strange and dim, yet frightfully distinct, resemblance to the features of old Martin Sombras, its dead creator.

"At that sight my blood ran chill and my hair rose up. Had I beheld before me the ghostly presence of Sombras in his own likeness, I believe I should have still preserved some degree of self-possession. But there was something in this manner of his appearance which shook

my very heart. I do not know how long it was before I could collect my faculties sufficiently to become conscious of the unreasonableness of my fears, and the shame of superstitious terrors in an intellectual being. Was not this spirit—if spirit it were—that of my old friend? What harm would it do me, even if it had the power? Reflecting thus, and summoning up what courage I had left, I made an effort to speak, and this time my voice, though strangely altered, returned.

"*'Sombras,'* I said earnestly, though my voice quavered, 'if you are here indeed, though by what mysterious means I know not, speak to me! What would you have me do?'

"The figure was silent; only its eyes rested intently on the board.

"*'I understand,'* I said; 'I am ready. Yet if you have the power of speech, I charge you, by our ancient friendship, speak to me, Sombras!'

"The eyes of the figure burned with a strange fire; but it answered not a word.

"*'This game, so strangely set,'* I said—'do you desire to play it?'

"I thought the figure bowed its head. Its eyes were still fixed upon the board as if impatient to proceed. I *dared* make no delay. I trembled, but I no longer hesitated. I knew my move beforehand, and I made it. The right hand of the figure immediately extended itself over the board, and made the answering move.

"It was not a move which I had expected; I was surprised. Strange as it may seem, impossible as it may seem to any but a true disciple of the game (and to such it will appear natural, and indeed inevitable), in spite of the sensation with which my veins were chill, I became interested, then absorbed. I thought I saw the object of the move; but I was not certain. I did not move without deliberation; but again, as soon as I had played, my opponent, without the hesitation of an instant, stretched forth his hand and moved in his turn. This extreme promptitude surprised me at the time; I did not reflect that I was not playing against flesh and blood.

"Moreover, the move itself perplexed me. I saw that the advantage I had gained was vanishing. I began to tremble with excitement, as I had lately trembled with dread. And yet I know I played my very best; my senses seemed to myself extraordinarily acute. The combination which I had devised again appeared irresistible—a stratagem certain of success. I had the game within my grasp; I

thought myself on the point of victory. Suddenly, as my opponent moved a piece, a low sound caused me to look up. The automaton was regarding me with a full gaze; and *now*, it was unmistakable, the resemblance in its features to those of Martin Sombras was no figment of my brain. The look was exactly that unmalignant glance of triumph with which my old friend had been accustomed to announce a victory. Involuntarily I cast my eyes down to the board. I could hardly believe what I saw; I was checked!

"For the first time I saw it all. I saw before me the most subtle combination which ever proceeded from a human brain. I believe it to be impossible for any ingenuity to have seen through such a movement. Many times since have I played over the game in solitude, and proved to demonstration that the mate, from the moment we began to play, was inevitable against that evolution, so veiled, so overwhelming. Sombras's theory had, after all, been sound.

"So deeply was I absorbed in wonder and admiration, that I half forgot the strange antagonist to whom I owed my defeat. When shall I forget—I never shall forget—the circumstance which recalled me to myself? A slight noise, I know not what, caused me to look up. I raised my eyes and looked again at the figure. As I did so, the resemblance which had existed to the face of my old friend, suddenly vanished. The eyes again became glassy, empty, and devoid of speculation; the life, the movement, which had animated the figure died out of it; and there was nothing left before me but mere wood and painted cloth. It was as if I had seen my old friend die twice.

"Up to that moment I had preserved my faculties, if not from amazement and trepidation, yet from the full sense of an unearthly presence, which now rushed across my spirit in a flood. The excitement which had buoyed me up, deserted me. The lifeless eyes of the figure, vacantly staring, seemed now a thousand times more awful than their previous supernatural life. I could bear no more. Hardly knowing what I did, nor whither I was going, I staggered from the room, and from the house."

Again Froissart paused; I thought he had finished his story; but presently he resumed.

"Many days passed before the terrors of that night gave way to a calmer, if not

less solemn feeling. Then a most strange idea took possession of me, and left me not a moment's rest or peace of mind. *What if the spirit should return?* Something persuaded me that it *would* return; that at some time, which I could not foretell, the mysterious fire would once more kindle in the glassy eyes, the living likeness waken in the vacant features, the startling hand extend itself over the table, and I should play yet another game of chess with my old friend. Reasonable or unreasonable, the persuasion took firm hold of me, and possessed, as it still possesses, my whole being. Not a night has passed since then but, under an uncontrollable impulsion, I have taken my seat, never without a thrill of awed expectation, before the table, and making the first move, waited for the figure to reply. Hitherto, I have waited in vain. Last night, as the nights before, it did not stir. To-night—it may!"

CHAPTER III.

As Froissart uttered the last words of his most strange story, I will not deny that I shivered, as if with cold. Evening was beginning to fall, and the light of the room was shadowy, haunted, and uncertain. On the other side of the table sat the mysterious figure, motionless, spectral in the twilight, and looked at us silently with its glassy eyes.

We sat in silence. I knew not what to think. Had I not heard the story from Froissart himself, I should doubtless have judged him, as he had said, to be mad or dreaming; it was necessary to have heard him, and to have watched him to be *sure* that he was not. And yet there was an alternative; the whole might have been a hallucination. What was there to show that it was not so, that it was not the illusion of a disturbed and excited brain? As if I had put the question aloud, Froissart answered my unspoken thought.

"Hallucination?" he said. "You think so, naturally—and certainly I thought so also the next morning. I was then as cool and collected as ever I was in my life, I mean as far as my *intellect* was concerned; and I was disposed to laugh at my own wildness of imagination, which had played me such a prank. I easily persuaded myself that I had been, as you suppose, merely the victim of a singular delusion. I told myself that it *must* be so—and I added that at least I could not *prove* it otherwise."

"Very true," I interposed.

"But as I was thus thinking, a sudden

thought came into my head. I *could* prove it. I had but to go to the tower and examine the position of the chessmen on the board. If they stood as usual, I had been deceived. If not —"

"Well?" I said hastily. "Well, you went?"

"I went," said Froissart, "I opened the door, laughing at my agitation, repeating to myself that I should find the pieces drawn up in rank, and there would be an end of the mystery — a proved delusion. I had played, as it happened, with the black men —"

"Well?" I said again.

"The pieces were stationed irregularly about the board. The black king was checkmated."

Again, as Froissart spoke, my mind fell back upon itself, foiled and disconcerted. I could not deny the cogency of his argument; nor could I forget, what he himself knew nothing of, the strangeness of my own sensations in the presence of that mysterious figure. I said nothing.

"Seldon," said Froissart, after a time, "I have told you my story. I see that you are shaken. Do you now believe as I am forced to believe, or do you not?"

"I do," I said; "I must," — at the same time I started from my seat. "I must, Froissart. But another thing is clear to me — that this figure is likely to kill you before long. If the apparition comes again, you will die of shock; if it does not, you will die of tension. Neither shall happen if I can help it — of that I am determined. To you Martin Sombras, whether in the flesh or in the spirit, is rightly sacred. To me, a living friend is more than a dead stranger or a wandering spectre. Come!"

With these words I advanced upon the turbaned figure, and before Froissart could prevent me, or indeed become aware of my intention, I seized it in my arms, and bore it towards the open window.

It was the only window in the castle which was of modern size, a fact which arose from its having been enlarged for the purpose of giving sufficient light for the working of delicate mechanism. Sheer below it, at an immense depth, lay the lake, gloomy with the coming night. Exerting all my strength I raised the figure to the lintel, and launched it forth into the empty space.

It fell like a plummet. I watched it falling.

Heavy internally with brass and iron, it struck the water with amazing force. A cloud of spray flashed upwards and the

space around it whitened and seethed with violence. Nothing was to be seen except the agitated water. The figure had vanished like a stone.

It was gone — eternally gone! Evil or harmless, earthly or supernal, it was gone, and its mystery with it. Even as I looked the lake resumed its sombre and undisturbed and fathomless lustre. Its waters slept again their sleep of death and night. The automaton was buried in their depths — forever.

A few words only need be added. A month has passed since that night, and Froissart is himself again; though assuredly both to him and to me the recollection of the automaton will remain lastingly connected with the most inexplicable experience of our lives. The "perturbed spirit" of old Martin Sombras may also rest in peace, his life's ambition being attained. His great gambit, so nearly lost, so amazingly revealed, will shortly appear before the world, edited with notes and analysis by Philip Froissart; and will assuredly create, among chess circles, a paroxysm of excitement, the result of which I will not attempt to prophesy.

From The Nineteenth Century.

AN EPISODE OF THE ARMADA.

In two volumes recently published in Madrid, Captain Duro, of the Spanish navy, has related the origin, equipment, and failure of the Armada. His book is exhaustive, as he has availed himself of nearly every known source of information, and has brought to light much that is entirely new. It is, moreover, written with moderation and impartiality. His assertion that the preponderance of force was not so greatly in favor of the Spaniards as has been generally supposed, is perhaps surprising; but, on the other hand, it must be admitted that their apparent superiority was somewhat illusory. Their towering hulls were targets not easily to be missed by the English gunners. The number of landmen and soldiers, of little service in a naval action, fought out of range of arquebus fire, led to useless waste of life, and doubled the efficiency of every shot which swept along their crowded decks.

Captain Duro seems inclined to question the conduct of the English admirals, and notes their apparent unwillingness to come to close quarters during the long-

continued running fight up the Channel. It must, however, be remembered that their hesitation to close with their ponderous antagonists, while they availed themselves of their own superiority in sailing to keep the weather-gage, and to deliver their fire when and how they thought fit, is but a proof that they knew how best to employ the force at their disposal. They were, in fact, unwilling to hazard the safety of the fleet, and with it that of England, for the sake of merely chivalrous notions of the rules of combat. These might perhaps be indulged in at a fitting season, but were unsuitable to the business on hand.

If the work of Captain Duro were merely a repetition of the well-known story long since told by the Spanish historian Herrera, by Meteren, Lediard, and others, and in recent times in a more attractive form by Froude and by Motley, a notice of it would scarcely find a place in these pages. The author has, however, rendered his book interesting to English-readers by a copious appendix of contemporary letters and documents of the highest importance relating to Ireland, few of which have hitherto been made public.

Of these the most extraordinary is the narrative of Don Francisco de Cuellar, captain of the San Pedro, a galeon of twenty-four guns, which sailed in the squadron of Castile under the command of Don Diego de Váldes.

The many dangers and the almost incredible hardships to which Cuellar was exposed during the winter of 1588-9, after having been shipwrecked on the west coast of Ireland, are recounted in a letter discovered in the archives of the Academia de la Historia in Madrid. It is addressed to an unknown correspondent, and is now published for the first time. The interest of the narrative is enhanced by the fact that portions of it are corroborated, and even explained, by Irish state papers of the period. These with other sources of information have been made use of for the present article.

After a general reference to the expedition, and with a pious expression of thankfulness for miraculous protection in many dangers by land and sea, Cuellar proceeds with his personal history from the time when the Armada was driven by fireships from its anchorage in Calais Roads. With the perilous shoals of Holland under their lee, with Drake and Howard hovering to windward eager to strike a decisive blow, they had abandoned all thoughts of victory, and fought only,

but still with indomitable courage, to secure a retreat through unknown seas to that Spain which so many were destined never to see again.

In the course of this retreat he complains of what he designates an affront to which he was subjected in having been condemned to death. His version of the affair is that on the 10th of August, having had no sleep for many days, he ventured to snatch a few moments of repose. His sailing master, who he says was a bad man, took advantage of his absence from the deck to run some two miles ahead of the Armada, in order to repair damages and to stop leaks. A *patache* or despatch-boat, small vessels of fifty to one hundred tons, several of which accompanied the fleet, was sent in pursuit, and he was ordered to repair at once to the flagship of the Duke of Medina Sidonia, the commander-in-chief.

On the 1st of August, the day after the first encounter with the English fleet in the neighborhood of the Eddystone, the duke sent despatch-boats and provost-marshal's officers through the Armada, with written orders to hang any captain who should leave his assigned post and break the line of battle. Captain Duro considers this to have been an act of unusual and impolitic severity. Don Cristóbal de Avila, the captain of one of the *urcas* or transports, who had in like manner gone ahead of the main body of the fleet, was also ordered to return. Both he and Cuellar were sent on board the provost-marshal's ship, and sentenced to be hanged — a fate which seems to have excited the indignation rather than the fears of Cuellar. He declares that he almost burst with rage when, appealing to those around him, he reminded them of the services he had rendered in the previous actions.

Medina Sidonia, who had secluded himself in despair, was at the time inaccessible, and everything was left to Don Francisco de Bobadilla, described by Captain Duro as an experienced veteran. Cuellar, however, denounces him as the man who "made and unmade" the Armada. Fortunately the auditor-general, Martin de Aranda, an officer who seems to have acted as provost-marshal, ventured to postpone the execution of the sentence. By a determined appeal to Medina Sidonia, accompanied by a letter from Cuellar himself, he procured a reprieve. Avila however, either less deserving or less fortunate, was hanged the next day at the yard-arm of a *patache*, which carried its

ghastly burden throughout the Armada, as a warning to others.

Cuellar states that he remained on board the ship of the provost-marshal, who treated him with consideration. A contemporary letter in the appendix to Captain Duro's work asserts that he was condemned to the oar. Whether this be true or not, he does not seem to have returned to his own ship, the *San Pedro*, which afterwards succeeded in reaching a Spanish port. He remained under the charge of the provost-marshal, which shows that he was at least under arrest; and was ultimately wrecked with him on the west coast of Ireland. Having, with the rest of the Armada, passed round the north of Scotland, this ship of the provost-marshal, which belonged to the Levantica, or Italian and Adriatic squadron, was in great danger of foundering. The laboring of the vessel in the heavy Atlantic seas had caused her seams to open, and the pumps were scarcely able to keep her afloat. Captain Duro, who is an authority on naval construction, observes that this was a common defect in the larger class of Spanish ships, and is attributed by him to the excessive weight and height of the lower masts, whose leverage caused a strain upon hulls which were unfit to resist it. The caulker was an important functionary in the vessels of that age, and almost every breeze of wind provided him with work.

When off the west coast of Ireland, the ship of the provost-marshal was joined by two others which came to her assistance, and by reason of head-winds and bad weather all three found themselves in great danger, being unable to weather a point which Cuellar calls *El Cabo de Clara*. The facts subsequently narrated by him, and especially the course and extent of his wanderings, show that his geography is here at fault, and that this could not have been the headland now known as Cape Clear, the southernmost point of Ireland. Nor for the same reason could it have been Clare Island in Clew Bay. It seems evident that Erris Head, in Mayo, was the obstacle which caused the three ships to drift embayed into the gulf formed by the shores of Mayo and Sligo. Wounded spars and shattered rigging rendered it impossible for them to work out of the dangerous bay under their lee. It is moreover well known that three vessels of the Armada were wrecked together on the spot whither Cuellar and his companions were drifting. Finding themselves unable to clear the land, they anchored

half a league from shore, but at the end of three days their cables parted, and all three were stranded on a sandy beach surrounded by rocks.

Of thirteen hundred souls on board these vessels not more than three hundred reached the shore alive. Here, says Cuellar, Don Diego Enriquez, *el corcovado*, the hunchback, who commanded the *San Juan de Sicilia* of twenty-six guns, abandoned his ship in a decked boat, in company with his son and the Conde de Villafraña. Taking sixteen thousand ducats with them, they put off, having first gone below and battened down the hatches. The boat having been launched in this condition, some seventy persons threw themselves upon its deck, capsizing it and perishing to a man. It ultimately reached the shore keel uppermost, and thirty hours afterwards certain "savages," breaking into the hull for the sake of the iron, found its occupants, with the exception of Don Diego, all dead. Strange to say he was still alive, but he only survived his release for a few moments.

Returning to his own personal narrative, Cuellar states that he remained to the last on the poop of the ship, commending himself to God and Our Lady. From this elevated position he witnessed a pitiable spectacle; some were drowned in the holds of the ships themselves, others, throwing themselves overboard, sank and disappeared. Some sought to save themselves on casks, rafts, and pieces of timber. Officers were seen casting away money and golden chains, and many were swept to destruction by the waves which continually broke over the wrecks.

I [he says] while watching this, knew not what to do, for I could not swim; a heavy sea was breaking around me, and on the shore the savages jumping and dancing about rejoiced at our disaster. Whenever any of our people were cast upon the beach about three hundred savages and other enemies fell upon them, and, stripping them naked, maltreated and slew them. All this was visible from the wreck, and I could see no hope of safety in any direction. The provost-marshal, may God forgive him, came to me in tears. I asked him what he proposed to do, seeing that the ship could not hold together more than a quarter of an hour, as was in fact the case. Determined to make a struggle for life, I placed myself on a fragment of wreck, the provost-marshal, weighted with coin sewn into his doublet and breeches, joining me.

Cuellar, as will subsequently be seen, had done the same.

Finding it impossible to detach this piece of

wreck, certain chains holding it to the ship's side, and seeking some other means of escape, the mercy of God brought within my reach the covering of a hatchway as large as a good-sized table.

Placing myself upon it I was immediately submerged, sinking some six feet, and swallowing so much water that I was nearly suffocated. On reaching the surface again I called to the provost-marshal, and managed to place him on my raft. Soon afterwards, however, a great wave breaking over us, he was swept off, calling to God for help. I was unable to assist him, as my raft, thus relieved of weight on one side, turned over with me, and at the same time my legs were injured by a piece of wreck. With a supreme effort, and commending myself to Our Lady of Ontañar, I climbed again upon my raft. The seas which followed each other cast me on shore, I know not how, covered with blood and grievously injured.

The natives on the beach were so busy plundering and stripping those who swam ashore that they failed to observe him, and on recovering his senses he crawled away. Night coming on he lay down in some rushes half dead with pain and hunger. While in this condition, two natives, one of whom bore a large axe, came to the place where he and another Spaniard were lying, and taking pity on them, covered them with rushes and grass.

When the day broke Cuellar found that his companion, who, like the rest, had been stripped naked, was dead. He then crawled away in search of a monastery, which after much suffering he reached, finding it empty, ruined, and desecrated. Inside the church the "Lutheran English," as he calls them, had hung twelve Spaniards, fastening the halters to the gratings of the windows.

I write all this in detail [he tells his correspondent] that it may serve to entertain you after dinner; for when you read of my sufferings and adventures, my story will almost seem to you as taken from a book of chivalry.

Hastening away from the monastery he fell in with an old woman, a "veritable savage," who was driving away her cows to hide them from the English. She inquired of him "Tu España?" literally "You Spain?" and, learning his story, manifested compassion. By her advice he kept along the shore on which the ships had been wrecked three days before. Here he fell in with two Spanish soldiers, both stark naked, one of them having been wounded on the head. Proceeding together towards the beach in hopes of finding something to eat, they saw more than four hundred corpses on the strand, among them that of Don Die-

go Enriquez, who had perished in the decked boat. Cuellar says that he and his two companions buried him—a tribute of respect which, under the circumstances and looking to their own condition, may seem strange. It must be remembered, however, that Don Diego was a personage of distinction, a principal officer of the Armada, and one who had distinguished himself in the fighting in the Channel.

Soon afterwards they encountered four natives, who were inclined to maltreat them, but another, apparently a chief, ordered them to desist, and bade Cuellar go to a neighboring village, where he would meet him.

Barefooted and in great pain he crawled along, while his companions pressed forward and abandoned him. Entering a wood he met an aged native with an Englishman and a Frenchman, both armed, accompanied by a beautiful girl about twenty years of age. The Englishman wounded and would have slain him but for the interference of the others. They then contented themselves with stripping him to the shirt, discovering a chain of gold worth one thousand reals round his neck. Incited by this success to a closer scrutiny, they examined his doublet "thread by thread," finding forty-five gold ducats sewn into it.

The maltreatment of the Spaniards at the hands of the natives, to which frequent reference is made, is explained by the fact that many sought to save their valuables in the manner above related. When the Armada left the shores of Spain, the *hidalgos* who accompanied it took with them their costliest apparel for the entry into London, which, after the levies of England should have been annihilated by the disciplined *tercios* of Philip, and Elizabeth made prisoner to await the doom of the Inquisition, would be the crowning glory of the enterprise. Probably, too, when the capital lay at their feet, the victors by land and sea might enter upon other campaigns, and aspire to other conquests, where glittering gems and gay attire would serve their purpose better than sword and lance, and where Castilian chivalry might expect a less stubborn resistance than from the rough seamen of Drake and Howard. So considerable indeed was the plunder thus secured by the native Irish, that later in the autumn, as will hereafter be seen, the lord deputy Sir William Fitzwilliam endeavored, but in vain, to recover a portion of it.

Cuellar having been despoiled of his valuables, the Englishman proposed to retain him as a prisoner, thinking that a person apparently so wealthy could afford to pay a heavy ransom. At the instance of the girl his outer clothes were restored to him, but his shirt, and with it some relics which he greatly valued, he saw no more. "The female savage," he says, "appropriated these relics, telling me by signs that she would take care of them for me, adding that she was a Christian. She was about as much a Christian as was Mahomet," he adds with pardonable bitterness.

These people, having robbed him of his valuables, now befriended him, sending a boy with a salve for his wounds, together with milk, butter, and oaten bread. Afterwards the boy guided him past a dangerous village, and directed him towards certain mountains six leagues distant, on the other side of which he would find a barbarian very friendly to the king of Spain, one who had sheltered more than eighty shipwrecked and famishing Spaniards.

Cuellar, struggling on in spite of his wounds, reached a hut where he found a man who understood Latin. Throughout the night other natives continued to arrive laden with spoil from the wrecks, treating him however in a friendly manner.

Contemporary records show that although the natives could not resist the temptation of robbing the helpless Spaniards whom Providence seemed to have placed within their reach, they were nevertheless prepared to treat them afterwards as the subjects of a friendly power, and more especially as co-religionists. Spanish ships and Spanish troops had at no distant date assisted them against their English masters, and while Elizabeth was looked upon as a heretic, and with too good reason as an oppressor, Philip was respected as a Catholic and looked up to as a protector. The English of the Pale were conscious of this, and alive to the danger which might ensue if the Spaniards cast upon the remote shores of western Ireland were permitted to lend their disciplined assistance to chieftains whose allegiance was not to be measured by any genuine feeling of loyalty to the crown. Hence the merciless slaughter of those Spaniards who fell into the hands of English officers responsible for the tranquillity of the western counties.

The next morning Cuellar was sent towards his destination on horseback, as there was a mile of road waist deep in

mud to be traversed. Having proceeded the length of a "crossbow shot," his guide told him by signs to save himself, as many "Sasanas" were approaching. They call the English "Sasanas," he explains. After a temporary concealment he met forty natives on foot who wished to slay him, "being all Lutherans." The guide protesting that he was the prisoner of his master, they contented themselves with dealing him half-a-dozen blows on the back and shoulders, robbing him of all his clothes, and leaving him at last completely naked.

By the sacred baptism which I received [he says] I tell the truth, and, considering my condition, I prayed to God that His will might be done.

His guide, having to return with the horse, now left him, naked, wounded, and perishing with cold.

Praying the Almighty that he would direct my steps to some place where I might die confessed, I took courage, although in the extremest distress that ever befell a man. I wrapped some wisps of fern and a piece of old matting round my body, and journeyed step by step towards the territory of the Señor who had befriended the Spaniards.

At nightfall he reached some unoccupied huts, and finding one of them filled with oat-sheaves, crept in under the straw.

Whilst giving thanks to God for such a shelter I saw three men completely naked on the opposite side of the hut. I felt certain that they were devils, while I myself, wrapped up in fern, seemed the same to them. In great alarm I exclaimed, "Madre de Dios be with me and protect me from all evil." Hearing me speak Spanish invoking the Virgin's aid, they added, "And may she protect us also."

They then told their story, which was the common one of sufferings and maltreatment, upon which Cuellar bade them take courage and trust in God, for they were within three or four leagues of the village of the Señor de Ruerque.

O'Rourke, a well known Irish chieftain of the period, whose territory lay about the shores of Lough Gill, some few miles from the scene of the wrecks, and whose power and popularity were so great as to excite the jealousy of the English rulers, is no doubt the person thus designated. Two years previously, in 1586, Sir Richard Bingham, the governor of Connaught, had complained that O'Rourke would not pay "the queen's rent," and sought permission to enforce it. In the Irish State Papers, the clerk of the council in Connaught reports that in 1588 "certain Span

iards being stript were relieved by Sir Brian O'Rourke, apparelled and new furnished with weapons." O'Rourke ultimately fled to Scotland, and being delivered up to Elizabeth, was tried, condemned, and hanged. "He gravely petitioned the queen," says another writer, Richard Cox, in his "History of Ireland," published in 1689, "not for life or pardon, but that he might be hanged with a gad or with, after his own country fashion." Cox is of opinion that the English were sufficiently accommodating to accede to his request.

My story is so diverting [says Cuellar] that as I am a Christian I must relate it, so that you may have something at which to laugh. I buried myself in the straw, taking care not to disturb it, arranging with my companions to leave the next morning. We slept supperless, having had nothing to eat but blackberries.

The next morning their plans were frustrated by the arrival of the owner of the oats, who looked in at the door and muttered to himself, failing however to detect them. They lay quiet all day and at night stole out wrapped up in straw and perishing with hunger and thirst. Soon afterwards they reached other huts, where they were sheltered and well treated. Here Cuellar remained for a time until his wounds were partially healed, proceeding afterwards to the house of O'Rourke, where he thankfully accepted an old rug full of vermin. The next day some twenty Spaniards came to the house begging for food, but on hearing that a large Spanish ship was on the coast, they hurried off, and embarking in her, were afterwards wrecked, every soul on board perishing. Cuellar, not having joined this party, escaped their fate.

His stay at the house of O'Rourke seems to have been of short duration, for he proceeds to describe fresh wanderings, meeting in the garb of a native an ecclesiastic who could speak Latin. This person directed him towards a strong castle six leagues distant, where a "savage" chief, a determined enemy of the queen of England, resided.

I turned my steps thither, and after undergoing many hardships by the way I fell in with a savage, who, having lured me into his hut in a remote valley, declared that I should spend the remainder of my days there following his trade of blacksmith. I knew not what to answer, nor did I dare remonstrate, fearing that he might cast me into his forge. I therefore simulated acquiescence and worked at the bellows for some eight days, much to the satisfaction of the accursed barbarian. I behaved

thus in order not to displease him and a horrid old woman his wife; toiling on in sorrow and tribulation until the Lord brought the ecclesiastic that way. The savage being unwilling to lose my services, the cleric remonstrated with him, bidding me keep up my courage, as he would speak to the Señor of the castle on my behalf.

The next day a party arrived to release him and he was brought to the house of the chief, who treated him with hospitality.

They assisted me to the best of their means, giving me a homespun rug. I remained there three months and became as complete a savage as any of them. The wife of my host was very beautiful; one day when we were seated enjoying the sunshine, she with some of her friends and relatives questioned me about Spain. Finally they begged me to examine their hands, and to tell their fortunes. I gave thanks to God, for it was not difficult to play the part of a fortune-teller among savages. I examined their hands and pronounced a thousand absurdities, giving them so much satisfaction that no one among the Spaniards was in greater favor. Day and night both men and women so persecuted me, desiring to know their fortunes, that becoming annoyed by their importunity, I begged my host to sanction my departure from his castle. This he was unwilling to permit, but he forbade them to molest me any more.

At this point Cuellar breaks off his personal narrative in order to describe the customs of what he calls "the savages."

They live in huts of straw; the men are robust, their limbs and features are good, and they are as active as deer. They eat but once a day, and then in the evening. Their usual diet is oaten bread and butter; buttermilk is their only drink, as they use no water, although they have the best in the world. At their feasts they eat half-cooked meat without bread or salt. Their clothing is as rude as themselves, close-fitting breeches and short cloaks of coarse material. Their hair comes down over their eyes.

Spenser, in his "View of the State of Ireland," written less than ten years after this period, gives a description of this custom. Irenæus is supposed to inform his friend Eudoxus of certain Irish peculiarities. The natives of Ireland, he says,

wear mantles and long glibbes, which is a thick curled bush of hair hanging down over their eyes, and monstrously disguising them, which are both bad and hurtful.

Eudoxus. What blame lay you to the glibbe?
Irenæus. They are as fit marks as a mantle for a thief, for whensocver he hath run him-

selfe into perill of law, that he will not be known, he either cutteth off his glibbe quite, by which he becometh nothing like himself, or pulleth it so low downe over his eyes that it is very hard to distinguish his thievish countenance.

To return to Cuellar.

They are very hardy and are good walkers. They are always at war with the English, keeping them out of this district, which consists of bogs extending forty leagues in every direction.

Their principal occupation is to rob one another, and no day passes without fighting; for when the people of one village learn that there is cattle or other property in the next one, they make raids by night—"y anda Santiago"—and then the fray begins—and slay one another. The English garrison in their turn set upon those who have stolen most cattle and rob them. The women are generally good-looking, but "mal compuestas"—i.e., badly turned out.

A great quantity of booty having been collected by the natives, the "great governor of Dublin" marched into the west with, according to Cuellar, seventeen hundred soldiers, capturing about one thousand Spaniards who were wandering about unarmed and naked. He executed most of them, and proceeded to punish the native chieftains who had sheltered them.

Sir William Fitzwilliam, the recently appointed lord deputy of Ireland, is no doubt the "great governor" alluded to. His expedition to the west of Ireland, which lasted from the 4th of November to the 23rd of December, 1588, is well known and authenticated. As early as the 22nd of September, 1588, he had issued a commission to Sir Thomas Norris, Sir George Boucher, and Sir George Carew, authorizing them "to make inquiry by all good means, both by oaths and otherwise, to take all hulls of ships, stores, treasures, etc., into your hands, and to apprehend and execute all Spaniards of what quality soever." His final instruction is not pleasant, but for the sake of historical truth must not be omitted: "Torture may be used in prosecuting this inquiry." Cox, in his "History of Ireland," alludes to this commission, and says that it "proving ineffectual, and the lord deputy 'being desirous to have a finger in the pie,' went personally to Ulster in November, to the great charge of the queen and country but to very little purpose." Fynes Moryson also describes the expedition in somewhat similar terms, and attributes the zeal of Sir William Fitzwilliam to a desire to appropriate the spoil himself. Cuellar states that the great governor, pur-

posing to recover the booty, approached the castle of "Manglana," the chieftain who had sheltered the Spaniards.

The personage here called Manglana must have been a chief named M'Glannahie or M'Glannathie, who was described by Sir Richard Bingham, the governor of Connaught, in a letter to the lord deputy, Sir John Perrot, in 1586, as "a most bad man." He is also reported as fortifying and building his castle "in most suspicious sort." Another letter in the Irish State Papers, dated September, 1588, about the time when Cuellar was his guest, states that "M'Glannathie hath made proclamation that all the wood-kernes shall resort unto him, and they shall have entertainment." "We Spaniards who were with him," says Cuellar, when Manglana, seeing the magnitude of the forces marching against him, was preparing to retire to the mountains—

we, too, became aware of our own danger and knew not what to do. One Sunday after mass, this savage with his hair over his eyes informed us that he should depart with people and cattle, inquiring of us what we purposed to do in order to save our lives. I took aside the eight Spaniards who were with me, all trusty men, and told them that great as had been our past trials, greater yet were in store for us.

He then proposed to them to undertake the defence of the castle, which was built in a deep lake more than a league in breadth in some places, and from three to four leagues in length. A river, he says, discharges from it into the sea, but no vessels could ascend it to attack the castle, which was moreover protected by deep morasses on the mainland opposite. In all probability he here alludes to a castle on the island of Inishkeen in Lough Melvin. The conditions described seem to apply to this spot, where it is known that M'Glannathie possessed a castle long since in ruins. Finally Manglana entrusted the castle to Cuellar and his eight companions, supplying them with arms and provisions. In a short time the enemy, who is now described as being eighteen hundred strong, took up a position at the distance of a mile and a half, not being able to approach nearer by reason of water.

From this post he attempted to intimidate us, hanging two Spaniards and committing other outrages. Several times he sent a trumpet to us, offering to spare our lives and to send us to Spain if we would surrender the castle to him.

The defenders treated these proposals with contempt, and after a blockade of

seventeen days the enemy was compelled by stress of weather to withdraw and to return to Dublin.

Sir William Fitzwilliam described his expedition in two letters still extant (Irish State Papers). The first is addressed to Burghley, and reports his arrival at Athlone on the 10th of November, 1588. The second, which is addressed to the Privy Council and dated on the 31st of December, 1588, states that the expedition left Dublin on the 4th of November, and returned on the 23rd of December.

Without loss of any one of Her Majesty's army, neither brought I home, as the captains informed me, scarce twenty sick persons or thereabouts; neither found I the water, nor other great impediments which were objected before my going out to have been dangerous, otherwise than very reasonable to pass.

It will be observed that he makes no mention of a blockade of M'Glannathie's castle. The employment of his whole force for seventeen days would have been too important an incident to omit, even if want of success had tempted him to conceal it. Cuellar, it must be remembered, had some inducement to magnify his own success. Although he had escaped the halter, his conduct might yet be called in question on his return to Spain. Allowance must be made for a little coloring in this part of his narrative. That a detachment may have been sent to blockade the castle seems probable, and the employment of threats may have been due to the want of force with which to attack a position so strong by nature, though weak in the number of its defenders. Had the castle been invested by all the forces of the lord deputy they would not have amounted to eighteen hundred men, as stated by Cuellar; for a list dated the 1st of January, 1589, which exists among the State Papers, shows that they consisted of eleven hundred and thirteen men. The details are given with great precision, except that a blank is left in lieu of the number of "Sir Richard Dyer's" men, an unknown but, judging by other items in the list, a probably insignificant addition to the total.

On the withdrawal of the English, Manglana came back to his castle.

He acknowledged us as loyal friends, and placed everything he possessed at our disposal; as did the other principal persons of the place. He presented me with his sister, whom he offered in marriage. I expressed my gratitude, but rather requested a guide to lead me to some place whence I could embark for Scotland.

Manglana, unwilling to lose men who had proved themselves such trusty allies, wished to retain them in his service. Cuellar, learning his designs, escaped secretly with four other Spaniards, ten days after Christmas, 1588.

God only knows what hardships we endured. After twenty days' travelling, I found myself at the place where Alonzo de Leiva, the Conde de Paredes, and Don Tomas de Granvela were lost, in company with so many other gentlemen that a list of their names would fill quires of paper. I entered the huts of some of the savages, who told me pitiable stories of our people who were drowned there, showing me much spoil and many valuables which had been taken from them.

This reference to the loss of Leiva shows that the place mentioned was Dunluce, near the mouth of the Bann River, some seventy miles from Lough Melvin—a distance which could easily have been traversed in the twenty days of which Cuellar speaks. Don Alonzo de Leiva had been first wrecked in the *Rata* galeon in Blacksod Bay, and had re-embarked in another ship, which anchored there shortly afterwards. Again wrecked in this second vessel at the mouth of Killibegs Harbor in Donegal Bay, he tempted fate a third time in a galeass, which he and his companions contrived to repair, and was wrecked at last at Dunluce, where he perished.

A Greek prisoner, whose evidence is in existence, described him as a "whitely man with an Abram beard."

As destined to the command of the expedition in the event of Medina Sidonia's death, and as a person of the highest reputation among his countrymen, the importance which attaches to his fate may justify this passing digression.

The place where Cuellar now found himself was within easy reach of Scotland, not more than thirty miles from the southern point of Islay.

Anxiously inquiring for some means of escape from Ireland, he learned that certain small craft, which belonged to "El Principe Ocan"—O'Cahan—a chief whose territory lay between Lough Foyle and the Bann River, were about to sail for Scotland.

Crawling along, sadly impeded by his wounded leg, Cuellar, on arriving, found that these vessels had sailed two days previously. In great suffering, abandoned as before by his companions, who pressed on to seek a means of escape, and surrounded by enemies, he was sheltered and concealed in a mountain hut by some

women who took pity on him, and who kept him for six weeks, until his wound was healed.

O'Cahan, dreading the English, was unwilling to receive him. In his absence on some expedition, Cuellar ventured into his village, where two English soldiers, suspecting his nationality, were on the point of capturing him.

Warned of his danger, he eluded them and escaped from the place, reaching in the course of a day the shores of a large lake, where the natives treated him with kindness. Near this place he fell in with a bishop, who was in hiding for fear of the English. "He was dressed as a savage, and I assure you that when I kissed his hand I could not restrain my tears. He had with him twelve Spaniards waiting an opportunity to escape to Scotland."

At the end of six days a boat arrived, and they prepared to depart. The bishop said mass to them and supplied them with provisions and good advice, counselling them to submit patiently to whatever might befall them in Scotland, where most of the people were Lutherans.

Cuellar gives the name of Don Reimundo Termini, of the see of Times, to this bishop. The context, as well as his Christian name, seem to show that he was a native of Spain.

Proper names suffered greatly at the hands of Spaniards of that period. The Isle of Wight, for instance, is found under nine different names, ranging from Vich, through Duich, to Ubiech. The see of Times may be some corruption of Tuam. Research has, however, failed to identify it, and this not very important point may be left to conjecture.

Eighteen persons embarked in a crazy boat and, meeting with bad weather, were compelled to make for one of the Scotch islands.

Cuellar's geography here becomes so vague that it is impossible to trace his course. It is enough to say that in a few days they succeeded in reaching the mainland of Scotland, where they hoped for succor from King James. They were, however, disappointed, as he "neither assisted them, nor gave them a real."

They remained for six months in Scotland in a state of great destitution, and would have been delivered up to Elizabeth but for the intervention of certain Catholic lords.

"The king of Scotland possessed no authority as a king, and could not move a foot nor eat a mouthful without the queen's permission," says Cuellar.

A message was at last conveyed to the Duke of Parma, who bargained with a Scotch merchant to carry the Spaniards to Flanders at the rate of five ducats a head. So many had found their way to Scotland that four vessels were required to transport them. Bad weather compelled them to take shelter in Yarmouth Roads; but the Privy Council, now no longer fearing them, granted a safe conduct as against any English ships that might fall in with them.

By some act of treachery their enemies in Holland were made aware of their embarkation, and lay in wait for them off Dunkirk. Cuellar was wrecked once more. His ship having been driven ashore, he escaped to land by swimming, but two hundred and seventy of his companions were slaughtered by the Hollanders in his sight.

Here his narrative, which is dated from Antwerp the 4th of October, 1589, ends, and of his future career no trace is to be found in Captain Duro's volumes. Other Spaniards no doubt underwent similar hardships; but of the thousand cast on the coast of Ireland only a small number survived to tell the tale. Cold and hunger, the halter and the sword, left but a small chance of escape. The natives robbed as long as there was anything to rob, murdering those who offered any resistance. The English exterminated the remainder who fell into their hands, except in the rare cases of superior officers, from whom a ransom might be expected.

In those days compassion was a virtue unknown to both Spaniards and English in their dealings with each other. If, on the one hand, Sir William Fitzwilliam, as has been seen, deliberately authorized the use of torture, Lope de Vega, in the "Dragontea," a metrical history of Sir Francis Drake, written some ten years later, made merry over the torture of eighteen English prisoners captured at sea. Flesh, bones, and nerves crushed together, with a grim pleasantry about confession extorted from heretics whose creed abhorred it, form the subject of a cruel stanza. National hatred and religious fanaticism were little tempered by mercy, in spite of the boasted chivalry of the time. A conquered enemy, especially if an invader, must prepare to meet the worst.

Here we bid farewell to Cuellar, with a hope that Philip, who could overlook the gigantic failure of the hapless Medina Sidonia, may have found it consistent with his royal mercy to pardon one who seems

to have been blameless, and who had undoubtedly suffered greatly in the service of his king.

DUCIE.

From Chambers' Journal.

A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

CONSTANCE WARING had not been enjoying herself in Bordighera. Her amusement indeed came to an end with the highly exciting yet disagreeable scene which took place between herself and young Gaunt the day before he went away. It is late to recur to this, so much having passed in the mean time; but it really was the only thing of note that happened to her. The blank negative with which she had met his suit, the air of surprise, almost indignation, with which his impassioned appeal was received, confounded poor young Gaunt. He asked her, with a simplicity that sprang out of despair, "Did you not know then? Were you not aware? Is it possible that you were not — prepared?"

"For what, Captain Gaunt?" Constance asked, fixing him with a haughty look.

He returned that look with one that would have cowed a weaker woman. "Did you not know that I — loved you?" he said.

Even she quailed a little. "Oh, as for that, Captain Gaunt! — a man must be responsible for his own follies of that kind. I did not ask you to — care for me, as you say. I thought, indeed, that you would have the discretion to see that anything of the kind between us was out of the question."

"Why?" he asked, almost sternly; and Constance hesitated a little, finding it perhaps not so easy to reply.

"Because," she said after a pause, with a faint flush, which showed that the effort cost her something — "because — we belong to two different worlds — because all our habits and modes of living are different." By this time she began to grow a little indignant that he should give her so much trouble. "Because you are Captain Gaunt of the Indian service, and I am Constance Waring," she said with angry levity.

He grew deadly red with fierce pride and shame.

"Because you are of the higher class,

and I of the lower," he said. "Is that what you mean? Yet I am a gentleman, and one cannot well be more."

To this she made no reply, but moved away from where she had been standing to listen to him, and returned to her chair. They were on the loggia, and this sudden movement left him at one end, while she returned to the other. He stood for a time following her with his eyes; then, having watched the angry *abandon* with which she threw herself into her seat, turning her head away, he came a little closer with a certain sternness in his aspect.

"Miss Waring," he said, "notwithstanding the distance between us, you have allowed me to be your — companion for some time past."

"Yes," she said. "What then? There was no one else, either for me or for you."

"That, then, was the sole reason?"

"Captain Gaunt," she cried, "what is the use of all this? We were thrown in each other's way. I meant nothing more; if you did, it was your own fault. You could not surely expect that I should marry you and go to India with you? It is absurd — it is ridiculous," she cried with a hot blush, throwing back her head. He saw with suddenly quickened perceptions that the suggestion filled her with contempt and shame. And the young man's veins tingled as if fire was in them; the rage of love despised shook his very soul.

"And why?" he cried; "and why?" his voice tremulous with passion. "What is ridiculous in that? It may be ridiculous that I should have believed in a girl like you. I may have been a vain, weak fool to do it, not to know that I was only a plaything for your amusement; but it never could be ridiculous to think that a woman might love and marry an honorable man."

He paused several times to command his voice, and she listened impatient, not looking at him, clasping and unclasping her hands.

"It would be ridiculous in me," she cried. "You don't know me, or you never would have dreamt — Captain Gaunt, this had better end. It is of no use lashing yourself to fury, or me either. Think the worst of me you can; it will be all the better for you — it will make you hate me. Yes, I have been amusing myself; and so, I supposed, were you too."

"No," he said, "you could not think that."

She turned round and gave him one look, then averted her eyes again, and said no more.

"You did not think that," he cried vehemently. "You knew it was death to me, and you did not mind. You listened and smiled, and led me on. You never checked me by a word, or gave me to understand — Oh," he cried with a sudden change of tone, "Constance, if it is India, if it is only India, you have but to hold up a finger, and I will give up India without a word!"

He had suddenly come close to her again. A wild hope had blazed up in him. He made as though he would throw himself at her feet. She lifted her hand hurriedly, to forbid this action.

"Don't!" she cried sharply. "Men are not theatrical nowadays. It is nothing to me whether you go to India or stay at home. I have told you already I never thought of anything beyond friendship. Why should not we have amused each other, and no harm? If I have done you any harm, I am sorry; but it will only be for a very short time."

He had turned away, stung once more into bitterness, and had tried to say something in reply; but his strength had not been equal to his intention, and in the strong revulsion of feeling, the young man leant against the wall of the loggia, hiding his face in his hands.

There was a little pause. Then Constance turned round half stealthily, to see why there was no reply. Her heart perhaps smote her a little, when she saw that attitude of despair. She rose, and after a moment's hesitation, laid her hand lightly on his shoulder. "Captain Gaunt, don't vex yourself like that. I am not worth it. I never thought that any one could be so much in earnest about me."

"Constance," he cried, turning round quickly upon her, "I am all in earnest. I care for nothing in the world but you. Oh, say that you were hasty — say that you will give me a little hope!"

She shook her head. "I think," she said, "that all the time you must have mistaken me for Frances. If I had not come, you would have fallen in love with her, and she with you."

"Don't insult me, at least!" he cried.

"Insult you — by saying that *my* sister — You forget yourself, Captain Gaunt. If my sister is not good enough for you, I wonder who you do think good enough. She is better than I am; far better — in that way."

"There is only one woman in the world

for me; I don't care if there was no other," he said.

"That is benevolent towards the rest of the world," said Constance, recovering her composure. "Do you know," she said gravely, "I think it will be much better for you to go away. I hope we may eventually be good friends; but not just at present. Please go. I should like to part friends; and I should like you to take a parcel for Frances, as you are going to London; and to see my mother. But, for heaven's sake, go away now. A walk will do you good, and the fresh air. You will see things in their proper aspect. Don't look at me as if you could kill me. What I am saying is quite true."

"A walk," he repeated with unutterable scorn, "will do me good!"

"Yes," she said calmly. "It will do you a great deal of good. And change of air and scene will soon set you all right. Oh, I know very well what I am saying. But pray, go now. Papa will make his appearance in about ten minutes; and you don't want to make a confidant of papa."

"It matters nothing to me who knows," he said; but all the same he gathered himself up and made an effort to recover his calm.

"It does to me, then," said Constance. "I am not at all inclined for papa's remarks. Captain Gaunt, good-bye. I wish you a pleasant journey; and I hope that some time or other we may meet again, and be very good friends."

She had the audacity to hold out her hand to him, calmly looking into his eyes as she spoke. But this was more than young Gaunt could bear. He gave her a fierce look of passion and despair, waved his hand without touching hers, and hurried headlong away.

Constance stood listening till she heard the door close behind him; and then she seated herself tranquilly again in her chair. It was evening, and she was waiting for her father for dinner. She had taken her last ramble with the Gaunts that afternoon; and it was after their return from this walk, that the young soldier had rushed back to inform her of the letters which called him at once to London, and had burst forth into the love-tale which had been trembling on his lips for days past. She had known very well that she could not escape — that the reckoning for these innocent pleasures would have to come. But she had not expected it at that moment, and she had been temporarily taken by surprise. She seated herself now with a sigh of relief, yet regret.

"Thank goodness, that's over," she said to herself; but she was not quite comfortable on the subject. In the first place, it *was* over, and there was an end of all her simple fun. No more walks, no more talks skirting the edge of the sentimental and dangerous, no more diplomatic exertions to keep the victim within due limits — fine exercises of power, such as always carry with them a real pleasure. And then, being no more than human, she had a little compunction as to the sufferer. "He will get over it," she said to herself; change of air and scene would no doubt do everything for him. Men have died, and worms have eaten them, etc. Still, she could not but be sorry. He had looked very wretched, poor fellow, which was complimentary; but she had felt something of the self-contempt of a man who has got a cheap victory over an antagonist much less powerful than himself. A practical swordsman (or woman) of society should not measure arms with a merely natural person, knowing nothing of the noble art of self-defence. It was perhaps a little — mean, she said to herself. Had it been one of her own species, the duel would have been as amusing throughout, and no harm done. This vexed her a little, and made her uneasy. She remembered, though she did not care much about books or the opinions of the class of nobodies who write them, in general, of some very sharp things that had been said upon this subject. Lady Clara Vere de Vere had not escaped handling; and she thought that after it Lady Clara must have felt small, as Constance Waring did now.

But then, on the other hand, what could be more absurd than for a man to suppose, because a girl was glad enough to amuse herself with him for a week or two, in absolute default of all other society, that she was ready to marry him, and go to India with him! To India! What an idea! And it had been quite as much for his amusement as for hers. Neither of them had any one else; it was in self-defence — it was the only resource against absolute dulness. It had made the time pass for him as well as for her. He ought to have known all along that she meant nothing more. Indeed, Constance wondered how he could be so silly as to want to have a wife and double his expenses, and bind himself for life. A man, she reflected, must be so much better off when he has only himself to think of. Fancy him taking *her* bills on his shoulders as well as his own! She wondered, with a

contemptuous laugh, how he would like that, or if he had the least idea what these bills would be. On the whole, it was evident, in every point of view, that he was much better out of it. Perhaps even, by this time he would have been tearing his hair, had she taken him at his word. But no. Constance could not persuade herself that this was likely. Yet he would have torn his hair, she was certain, before the end of the first year. Thus she worked herself round to something like self-forgiveness; but all the same there rankled at her heart a sense of meanness, the consciousness of having gone out in battle array and vanquished with beat of drum and sound of trumpet an unprepared and undefended adversary, an antagonist with whom the struggle was not fair. Her sense of honor was touched, and all her arguments could not content her with herself.

"I suppose you have been out with the Gaunts again?" Waring said, as they sat at table, in a dissatisfied tone.

"Yes; but you need never put that question to me again, in that uncomfortable way, for George Gaunt is going off to-morrow, papa."

"Oh, he is going off to-morrow? Then I suppose you have been honest, and given him his congé at last?"

"I, honest? I did not know I had ever been accused of picking and stealing. If he had asked me for his congé, he should have had it long ago. He has been sent for, it seems."

"Then has the congé not yet been asked for? We shall have him back again, then, I suppose?" said her father, in a tone of resignation and with a shrug of his shoulders.

"No — for his people will be away. They are going to Switzerland, and the Durants are going to Homburg. Where do you mean to go, when it is too hot to stay here?"

He looked at her half angrily for a moment. "It is never too hot to stay here," he said; then after a pause: "We can move higher up among the hills."

"Where one will never see a soul — worse even than here!"

"Oh, you will see plenty of country-folk," he said — "a fine race of people, mountaineers, yet husbandmen, which is a rare combination."

Constance looked up at him with a little *moue* of mingled despair and disdain.

"With perhaps some romantic young Italian count for you to practise upon," he said.

Though the humor on his part was grim and derisive rather than sympathetic, her countenance cleared a little. "You know, papa," she said with a faintly complaining note, "that my Italian is very limited, and your counts and countesses speak no language but their own."

"Oh, who can tell? There may be some poor soldier on furlough, who has French enough to — By the way," he added sharply, "you must remember that they don't understand flirtation with girls. If you were a married woman or a young widow —"

"You might pass me off as a young widow, papa. It would be amusing — or at least it *might* be amusing. That is not a quality of the life here in general. What an odd thing it is that in England we always believe life to be so much more amusing abroad than at home."

"It is amusing — at Monte Carlo, perhaps."

Constance made another *move* at the name of Monte Carlo, from the sight of which she had not derived much pleasure. "I suppose," she said impartially, "what really amuses one is the kind of diversion one has been accustomed to, and to know everybody; chiefly to know everybody," she added after a pause.

"With these views, to know nobody must be bad luck indeed!"

"It is," she said with great candor; "that is why I have been so much with the Gaunts. One can't live absolutely alone, you know, papa."

"I can — with considerable success," he replied.

"Ah, you! There are various things to account for it with you," she said.

He waited for a moment, as if to know what these various things were; then smiled to himself a little angrily, at his daughter's calm way of taking his disabilities for granted. It was not till some time after, when the dinner had advanced a stage, that he spoke again. Then he said without any introduction: "I often wonder, Constance, when you find this life so dull as you do —"

"Yes, very dull," she said frankly, "especially now, when all the people are going away."

"I wonder often," he repeated, "my dear, why you stay? for there is nothing to recompense you for such a sacrifice. If it is for my sake, it is a pity, for I could really get on very well alone. We don't see very much of each other; and till now, if you will pardon me for saying so, your mind has been taken up with a pursuit

which — you could have carried on much better at home."

"You mean what you are pleased to call flirtation, papa? No, I could not have carried on that sort of thing at home. The conditions are altogether different. It is difficult to account for my staying, when, clearly, you don't consider me of any use, and don't want me."

"I have never said that. Of course, I am very glad to have you. It is in the bond, and therefore my right. I was regarding the question solely from your point of view."

Constance did not answer immediately. She paused to think. When she had turned the subject over in her mind, she replied: "I need not tell you how complicated one's motives get. It takes a long time to make sure which is really the fundamental one, and how it works."

"You are a philosopher, my dear."

"Not more than one must be with society pressing upon one as it does, papa. Nothing is straightforward nowadays. You have to dig quite deep down before you come at the real meaning of anything you do; and very often, when you get hold of it, you don't quite like to acknowledge it, even to yourself."

"That is rather an alarming preface, and very just too. If you don't like to acknowledge it to yourself, you will like still less to acknowledge it to me?"

"I don't quite see that; perhaps I am harder upon myself than you would be. No; but I prefer to think of it a little more before I tell you. I have a kind of feeling now that it is because — but you will think that a shabby sort of pride — it is because I am too proud to own myself beaten, which I should do, if I were to go back."

"It is a very natural sort of pride," he said.

"But it is not all that. I must go a little deeper still. Not to-night. I have done as much thinking as I am quite able for to-night."

And thus the question was left for another day.

From The Scottish Review.

FOUNDING OF THE CONGO FREE STATE.*

AFTER maintaining an almost religious, and, in the opinion of some, an obstinate,

* *The Congo and the Founding of its Free State: A Story of Work and Exploration.* By HENRY M. STANLEY. In two volumes. London, 1885.

silence for nearly six years, Mr. Stanley has at length spoken and told the history of one of the most remarkable undertakings ever attempted by man. Though the work on which he has been engaged has been carried on in the heart of Africa, among the uncivilized and wild tribes dwelling along the banks and tributaries of a great and almost unknown river, it has steadily attracted the attention of Europe; every scrap of information respecting his movements has been eagerly read; and the issue of his romantic and perilous enterprise has been waited for by almost the whole of the civilized world with an anxiety which has survived the distractions of six eventful years and dominated every other interest or care. By the publication of the two volumes, whose title we have given above, the ungenerous suspicions and unfounded rumors, from time to time set in circulation, of his high-handed treatment of the tribes among whom he was sent as the apostle of civilization, have been effectually dispelled. His narrative, and it is a remarkably frank one, if it proves anything, proves that he has achieved an extraordinary success, and that he has achieved it in a way and by means not only perfectly unimpeachable, but reflecting the greatest credit on his tact and humanity, and deserving of the very highest praise.

The stirring episodes which lent an almost sensational interest to the pages of "Through the Dark Continent" are in the present volumes entirely wanting. Their interest is of a profounder and more permanent character. When he descended the Congo in the year 1877, Mr. Stanley had to fight his way through hostile and opposing tribes; the narrative he has now written is the narrative of a noble enterprise, voluntarily undertaken and nobly achieved, in the interests of freedom and commerce, civilization and human progress. We have heard him called the last of the Conquistadores; but between him and the Conquistadores of the sixteenth century there is all the difference there is between light and darkness, humanity and barbarity, the spirit of a noble and enlightened self-sacrifice and the fierce passions engendered by an uncontrollable lust for gold. His conquest has been won neither by the force of arms nor for the purposes of tyranny or oppression, but by persuasion and banter, by rhetorical artifice, and by appealing to such motives as the untutored mind of the savage is capable of appreciating, and with a view to the elevation of a vast number

of rude and barbarous tribes in the scale of civilized existence. During the whole course of the six years he has been engaged in his enterprise, he has had recourse to arms but once, and then reluctantly and solely in self-defence and in defence of those whom he had undertaken to protect.

As all the world is aware, the plan of founding the Congo Free State owes its conception to the generous mind of the king of the Belgians, to whom the volumes before us are appropriately dedicated, but, as we learn from these, the details and the working out of the plan are due solely to Mr. Stanley. Whatever praise is due in connection with the enterprise deserves to be equally divided. In Mr. Stanley the king of the Belgians has found an able lieutenant, capable of entering into the spirit of his plans and of carrying out his ideas; and in the king of the Belgians Mr. Stanley has enjoyed a munificent patron, ready to assist him on all occasions, and taking an unflagging interest in his mission. The names of both will descend to posterity in honorable connection with what may be called their joint undertaking, though it may be that the name of the actual worker will overshadow that of the original founder.

In the volumes before us, Mr. Stanley adheres closely to his text from beginning to end. Here and there one meets with an admirable description of scenery, but hunting scenes and descriptions of the useless slaughter of wild animals, which have become the commonplaces of books of African travel and exploration, and of which more than sufficient has been served out to the public, are conspicuous by their almost entire absence. Nor has Mr. Stanley much to tell here respecting the manners, customs, and superstitions of the tribes he came in contact with, though he has doubtless seen and heard much that is of interest to the student of anthropology and folklore. His narrative is one of heavy and difficult work, requiring infinite skill and inexhaustible patience, and carried on with indomitable energy and perseverance. To make his history complete, Mr. Stanley, of course, gives an account of the discovery of the Congo, and recapitulates the political history of Congoland. We hear, also, of his interview with the king of the Belgians, of the Comité d'Etudes du Haut Congo, the African International Association, and the International Association of the Congo, into which the first of these societies was finally merged. But, excepting the

pages necessarily devoted to these and to the conference which assembled at Berlin in the November of last year, these two bulky and admirably illustrated volumes are wholly occupied with the narrative of a work which, so far as we are aware, is absolutely without a parallel.

Early in November, 1878, Mr. Stanley received an invitation to be at the Royal Palace, in Brussels, at a certain date and hour. On arriving there at the appointed time, he discovered that various persons of more or less note in the commercial and monetary world, from England, Germany, France, Belgium, and Holland, had also been summoned. After waiting a little they were ushered into the council-room, and in a few minutes "it transpired that the object of the meeting was to consider the best way of promoting the very modest enterprise of studying what might be made of the Congo River and its basin." Information was sought and obtained in connection with the project from Mr. Stanley; it was resolved to form a fund for the purpose of equipping an expedition to be sent to the Congo with a view to the acquisition of further information; a portion of the capital, amounting to £20,000, was subscribed on the spot for immediate use, and the subscribers assumed the name and title of "Comité d'Etudes du Haut Congo." It was resolved that the expedition should be organized and equipped at once. Mr. Stanley was honored with the charge of it, and received among other instructions, the following, for the purpose of giving effect to the object the committee had in view:

I was to erect stations according to the means furnished along the overland route—after due consideration of their eligibility and future utility—for the convenience of the transport, and the European staff in charge, to establish steam-communication wherever available and safe. The stations were to be commodious, and sufficient for all demands that were likely to be made on them. By lease or purchase, ground enough was to be secured adjoining the stations so as to enable them in time to become self-supporting, if the dispositions of the natives should favor such a project. If it were expedient also, land on each side of the route adopted for the traffic was to be purchased or leased, to prevent persons ill-disposed towards us from frustrating the intentions of the Committee through sheer love of mischief or jealousy. Such acquired land, however, might be sub-let to any European, at a nominal rent, who would agree to abstain from intrigue, from inciting the natives to hostility, and from disturbing the peace of the country. (I. 27.)

No time was lost in carrying out these instructions. The meeting above referred to was held on the 25th of November, 1878; a second meeting of the committee was held on the 9th of the following month; on the 2nd of January, 1879, all the plans and estimates for expenses for the first six months of the expedition were laid by Mr. Stanley before a general council; and on the 23rd of the same month he was hurrying through France and Italy to meet the steamer Albion, of Leith, which had been chartered for the use of the expedition, in order to proceed in her to Zanzibar for the purpose of enlisting as many of his old comrades as were willing to join him again on the scene of their recent perilous adventures.

At Zanzibar, besides the equipment of his own expedition, Mr. Stanley was occupied with the direction of several others, but towards the latter part of May, 1879, after enlisting sixty-eight Zanzibaris, three-fourths of whom had accompanied him across Africa, he set sail in the Albion, and about nine o'clock in the morning of the 14th of August sighted the land lying at the mouth of the Congo. An hour after receiving the pilot on board, the Albion was lying at anchor abreast the upper end of the Dutch factories at Banana Point. Here Mr. Stanley made the acquaintance of the officers of the expedition—an American, two Englishmen, five Belgians, two Danes, and one Frenchman. In the harbor was a small flotilla of steamers intended for the expedition, while on shore was a cargo of miscellaneous goods which had been brought out and discharged by the steamer Barga.

At Banana Haven the final arrangements had to be made for the ascent of the river; but before they were completed much had to be done and borne. A close examination of the flotilla showed that the little vessels were far from being in a satisfactory condition. One of them proved itself to be capable of the most extraordinary freaks. "At one moment," observes Mr. Stanley, "she had over ten atmospheres of steam, and rushed madly on, while we, expectantly watching the first signs of an explosion, were ready to jump overboard; but suddenly the gauge indicated descent, and the paddle-wheels could scarcely revolve, while the rudder never had the slightest control of her movements." Another steamer required a fender all round, and a third was almost unmanageable, her rudder was too narrow and her gunwale too low. The steamers, however, seem to have been the least

difficulty. The officers were, with two honorable exceptions, dissatisfied. Their contracts and rank were complained of. Most of them clamored for all kinds of expenses; one demanded more pay; another objected to his messmates. By judicious treatment, however, the susceptibilities of each were gradually soothed, harmony was restored, and on the 21st of August, seven days after Mr. Stanley's arrival at Banana, the vessels of the expedition, consisting of the Albion and eight other craft of various sizes (the largest being the steel twin screw steamer *La Belgique*, sixty-five feet long and eleven feet beam; and the smallest the *Jeune Africaine*, a screw launch, twenty-five feet long and five feet ten inches beam) steamed out of Banana Haven and began the ascent of the noble river, whose existence was first made known to Europe through the enterprise of the hardy Portuguese navigator, Diego Cam, in the year 1484, and whose former appellation of the "Zaire" has been consecrated by the verse of Camoens:—

Alli o mui grande reino está de Congo,
Por nós já convertido á fé de Christo,
Por onde o Zaire passa claro e longo,
Rio pelos antigos nunca visto.

Boma, once the horrible emporium of the slave-trade, was reached after a sail of eight days; a depot was formed at Mussuko, four hours higher up the stream on the south bank; and the Albion, after making one or two trips between Mussuko and Banana Point, in order to bring up the goods which had been left behind, was released from river duty, taken down to Banana Point, coaled, and sent home, on the 17th of September, direct to Europe.

The expedition was now thrown entirely upon its own resources. So far, all had gone well with it. In thirty-four days it had advanced to its first base of operations, at a distance of about ninety miles from the sea, with all its *matériel*, and with every promise of success—a promise which, as we shall see, was not belied, though often threatened. Immediately after the departure of the Albion, preparations were made for the purpose of effecting a permanent lodgment on some point higher up the river. The point fixed upon after a careful survey was Vivi, six hours' sail in a nine-knot steamer above Boma, and a few hundred yards higher up than the Calavanga Islet, mentioned by Tuckey, the commander of the unfortunate expedition despatched by the Brit-

ish government in 1816. Vivi is now the greatest entrepôt of the association; the original site has been abandoned, and the station has been rebuilt in a more advantageous position. But before Mr. Stanley could commence operations in September, 1879, much difficult work had to be got through. A palaver had to be held, and terms required to be arranged with the neighboring chiefs, of whom there were five. At the palaver which was summoned, the five chiefs formed a somewhat motley group. Vivi Mavungu of Banza Vivi, the senior lord of Vivi, "stood out, short of stature and club-footed, with an affected scowl of defiant truculency, which he had intended for one of bland amiability, dressed in a blue lackey's coat, a knit Phrygian cap of vari-colored cotton, and a lower cloth of gaudy pattern." Another was clad "in an English red military tunic, a brown felt hat, an ample cloth of check pattern round the lower portion of his body, anklets of brass, and a necklace of elephant hair wove through a few fetish relics for good luck." A third was bedecked in a dark blue soldier's coat; and a fourth could boast of a black cloth frock-coat and a black silk hat, while his necker parts were encircled by an ample robe of crimson savelist. The introductions being over, the object of the expedition was explained through the medium of a *lingster* or interpreter; proposals were made on the part of the association; and the chiefs, after begging a bottle of gin apiece, returned to their houses to consider what the *mundellé*, or trader, as Mr. Stanley was now called, had said to them.

On the following day they returned, and as the conference which followed was in its general features similar to many others that were held, we may as well use Mr. Stanley's description of it:—

Punctually at the time appointed the Vivi chiefs, and their armed retinues, appeared tricked out in Congo fashion's garb, second-hand military and lackey coats, and gay cotton cloths. All the men were sober and cleanly. The mats were unrolled, and the decorous demeanor suited to the important palaver was assumed, when suddenly, at a signal from the *lingster*, the salute was given, none rising until the senior in rank had risen, bowed, and resumed his seat.

The conference began by the *lingster*, Masala, describing how the chiefs had gone home, and consulted together for a long time; they had agreed that if the *Mundellé* would stay with them, that of all the land unoccupied by villages, or fields and gardens, I should make my choice, and build as many houses, and make

as many roads, and do any kind of work I liked; that I should be considered as the "Mundelé" of Vivi, and no other white man should put foot on Vivi soil, which stretched from the Lufu up to the Banza Kulu district, and inland down to the Loa River, without permission from me; no native chief of inland or riverside should molest any man in my employ within the district of Vivi; help should be given for work, and the people of Vivi, such as liked, should engage themselves as workmen; anybody, white or black, native or foreign, passing to and fro through the land, should do so freely, night and day, without let or hindrance; if any disagreement should arise between any of my people, white or black, and the people of Vivi, they, the chiefs, would promise not to try and revenge themselves, but bring their complaint before the Mundelé of Vivi, that he might decide upon the right and the wrong of it; and if any of their people were caught in the act of doing wrong, then the white man shall promise that his chief shall be called to hear the case against him, and if the crime is proved, the chief shall pay the fine according to custom.

"All this," continued Massala, "shall be set down in writing, and you shall read it, and the English lingster shall tell it straight to us. But first we must settle what the chiefs shall receive in return for these concessions." (I. 135-6.)

This was not so easily settled. If they know little of the arts of civilization, the Congoese know how to drive a bargain. "In the management of a bargain," Mr. Stanley remarks, "I should back the Congoese native against Jew or Christian, Parsee or Banyan, in all the round world. Unthinking men may perhaps say cleverness at barter, and shrewdness in trade, consort not with their unsophisticated condition and degraded customs. Unsophisticated is the very last term I should ever apply to an African child or man in connection with the knowledge of how to trade. . . . I have seen a child of eight do more tricks of trade in an hour than the cleverest European trader on the Congo could do in a month. There is a little boy at Bolobo, aged six, named Lingengi, who would make more profit out of a pound's worth of cloth than an English boy of fifteen would make out of £10 worth." Four hours were spent before the bargain was concluded, and Mr. Stanley found himself obliged to pay £32 down in cloth and a rental of £2 per month. The papers confirming the agreement were then drawn up in due form, and signed by the various parties concerned in the matter.

The mundelé of Vivi had certainly no particular reason to be highly elated

with his bargain. He had obtained a site for his station, but he had had to pay heavily for it. All the productive parts of Vivi were already occupied and cultivated, with the exception of about five hundred acres, and the portion he had secured was a wilderness of hill slopes and mountain terraces, plentifully strewn with rocks, and, from an agricultural point of view, mostly barren, mean, and worthless. On the evening of the day on which the contract was signed, he wrote in his diary: "I am not altogether pleased with my purchase. It has been most expensive, in the first place, and the rent is high. However, necessity has compelled me to it. It is the highest point of navigation of the Congo opposite which a landing could be effected. The landing-place is scarcely three hundred yards long, but if the shores were improved by levelling, available room for ships could be found for fifteen hundred yards." On the higher plateau there was space enough for a city of twenty thousand inhabitants, and the place promised to be healthy. For the station, the lower and less plateau was chosen, and after four months' incessant labor the rocks were cleared away, a road was made from the landing-place to the summit of the lower tableland, the station was built, a large quantity of goods was brought up from Mussuko and safely housed, and all things were ready for the advance of the expedition.

Hitherto all the journeyings had been made by water; the ample bosom of the Congo had formed a convenient, if at times a somewhat intricate, highway; but a few miles beyond Vivi the Livingstone Cataracts begin, and, as navigation through these is impossible, progress was possible only by means of a road. The road which then existed was a mere track through a wild and rugged country, and absolutely impassable for wagons. Isangila, fifty-two miles above Vivi, had already been fixed upon as the nearest eligible spot for the next station, and Mr. Stanley resolved, a railway being impossible, to join the two by means of a road, and to transport along it two steamers, several boats belonging to the expedition, and the requisite stores. But before this vast undertaking could be so much as begun, much preliminary work had to be done. The country between Vivi and Isangila required to be surveyed, and the best route found and marked out; palavers had to be held, terms had to be arranged with some thirty or more chiefs, and the claims of every proprietor whose field or garden

was encroached upon by the road had to be settled. Nor was this all; provisions and the requisite tools had to be brought up from the landing-place at Vivi, and the former conveyed some distance in advance. But at last all was in readiness, and at midday on the 18th of March, 1880, the work of making the road was begun. The dense long grass was pulled up, trees were hewn down, the ground was cleared, levelled, and graded, bridges were built, and as the road advanced, the wagons, laden with stores and boats, and sections of the steamers, were constantly moved forward. All along the route considerable assistance was obtained from the natives, many hiring themselves out at so much per diem to labor on the road, and others bringing supplies of food; but, considering the smallness of his really effective force, the task which Mr. Stanley undertook and achieved was enormous. On the 2d of January, 1881, within ten months from the actual beginning of the work, the road, within a few feet of fifty-two miles in length, was completed, the boats were in camp on the shore at Isangila waiting to be repaired, scraped, and painted, and the Royal, a small screw-steamer presented to the expedition by the king of the Belgians, was steaming on the river.

Eighty-eight miles above the cataract of Isangila is the cataract of Ntombi Mataka, and opposite to the latter the district of Manyanga. Here it was resolved to erect the next station, and by the first day of May, 1881, the whole camp was on the spot.

Thus we had completed [Mr. Stanley remarks, with a touch of very legitimate pride] within seventy days, a total journey of 2,464 English statute miles, by ascending and descending the various reaches from camp to camp in fourteen round voyages, the entire distance of eighty-eight miles of navigable water that extends between the cataract of Isangila and the cataract of Ntombi Mataka, abreast of the district of Manyanga. We were now 140 miles above Vivi, to accomplish which distance we had been employed 436 days in road-making and in conveying fifty tons of goods, with a force of sixty-eight Zanzibaris and an equal number of West Coast and inland natives. During this period we had travelled 4,816 English miles, which, divided by the number of days occupied in this heavy transport work, gives a quotient of over eleven miles per day! (I. 269-70.)

Stanley Pool, which at this period was the destination of the expedition, was still ninety-five miles distant. Roads had again to be built, and steamers and goods

conveyed overland. Worst of all, the chief of the expedition was laid down with fever, and his death momentarily expected. Fortunately, that which was least expected happened. Mr. Stanley, though severely shaken, was soon able to resume the direction of affairs. By the 3d of December, 1881, Stanley Pool was reached, and the steamer *En Avant* was quietly floating in the snug baylet of Kintamo, with no rapid or impediment between her and Stanley Falls, and with an open navigation of about five thousand miles before her. Leopoldville, immediately overlooking the pool, was chosen as the site of the new station, which received the name of Leopoldville in honor of the august founder of the association, and is probably destined, on account of its admirable position, to become a magnificent city and the chief emporium of central African trade. It has already given promise of what it may become. Within a few months from the arrival of the expedition, caravans were beginning to march in and out of the station at regular periods, and additional storerooms required to be built. The scenery around it is magnificent, the people friendly, and the climate salubrious. Other stations were subsequently built further up the river, the most distant being planted on Wané Rusari, an island lying at the foot of the Stanley Falls, ten hundred and sixty-eight miles above Leopoldville.

The most serious difficulties Mr. Stanley had to contend with, in carrying out this vast and novel undertaking, were due to the peculiar character of the Congo and the physical features of the country adjacent to it. With the natives he had comparatively little trouble, and far less than might have been expected. Generally speaking, they were favorable to the work on which he was engaged, and either lent their assistance or looked on with interest. All along the river he was remembered as the white man, who six years before had descended it in his boats. Here and there he was greeted with loud cries of "Stanley" or "Tandelay," and his new name, "Bula Matari," the rock-breaker, given to him by the natives of Vivi because of his feats in road-making, had preceded him in almost every place he visited. At Manyanga his reception was of a somewhat doubtful character, but on the Aruwimi, where anything but a friendly welcome might have been looked for, his old enemies, the Basokos, after a little hesitation, laid aside their arms and requested him to camp on their territory as

a friend. Only at Boloko was he compelled to have recourse to arms and to send for the Krupp gun with which the expedition had been furnished; but, fortunately, before the officer who had been despatched for it could return, peace had been concluded, and, instead of being turned against the natives, the gun had to be fired into the Congo to give them some idea of its power, and to disabuse them of the notion that it was merely "a fine piece of wood with a deep hole in its belly."

On his way from Leopoldville to Stanley Falls, Mr. Stanley saw village after village in ruins and desolation, and shortly afterwards overtook one of those curses of Africa, an Arab slave-hunting party, returning with its spoils. One could almost wish that he had tried the virtues of his Krupp gun on these marauders for the purpose of liberating their human booty and avenging the merciless atrocities they had perpetrated. For some time he hesitated. Few men could have done otherwise. "I felt conscious for a short period," he tells us, "of an internal struggle against an impulse which was almost overwhelming, to avenge these devastations and massacres of a sleeping people." But on the other hand, he remarks, "I had not the slightest shadow of authority to vindicate the dictates of justice. I represented no constitutional government, nor had I the shadow of authority to assume the rôle of censor, judge, and executioner." The subject opens up a nice question which it is not our business here to discuss. We are clearly of opinion, however, that considering the vast interests he had in charge, and the whole circumstances of the case, Mr. Stanley acted with prudence and discretion. The establishment of the association's stations throughout Congoland will do more, we imagine, to suppress the slave-trade than any number of Krupp guns that are likely to be heard there for many years to come.

Several of the native chiefs were somewhat difficult to deal with. One or two of them were disposed to cause trouble, and a good deal of tact and address was required to manage them. It is doubtful, indeed, whether any other man than Mr. Stanley would have succeeded. Here, however, is a sample of what may be made of them. In 1882, when Lutete, chief of Banza Lungu, first saw one of the agents of the association, he said to the colored escort, "Give me that white man and you may go in peace." When asked what he wished a white man for, he brutally replied, "To cut his throat." He was then

swaggering under a load of palm wine, and had so often levied blackmail on other wayfarers, and badgered them, and the white man seemed so innocent and guileless, that to slit his throat seemed no great crime to him. But in 1884, Mr. Stanley writes: "To-day Lutete presents an example of what may be made of these men. We have a station—a neat and happy station—governed by a British man-of-war's man,—a boatswain's mate,—who leads as jolly a life as ever he lived aboard any of her Majesty Queen Victoria's vessels. With only twelve men, he lives in peace, just one mile away from the 'ferocious' chief; and this same throat-cutter of two years ago, now furnishes carriers and table servants, besides sending his children to the Baptist school. In fact, he is a most exemplary individual in every respect" (ii. 208). The chiefs of Ntamo were astute enough to levy a kind of blackmail on Mr. Stanley to the value of £210. All he could obtain in return was, at first, the promise of a concession, a few insignificant presents, and the chief's staff as a pledge that the agreement would be kept. Ngalyema, who posed as their leader, but turned out, though wealthy, and capable of putting a considerable number of men into the field, to be no chief at all, managed under one pretext or another to enrich himself at Mr. Stanley's expense to the extent of £900, while all that he had given in return was valued at £66. But for his story and portrait, and for the portraits of several other chiefs, almost equally interesting, we must refer the reader to Mr. Stanley's narrative. They suggest the reflection that barbarous as the Congolese chiefs are, shrewdness, artifice, and diplomacy, are as highly cultivated among them as they are among the chiefs of more civilized peoples. In the arts of negotiation they are by no means children, and are quite capable of holding their own with the white man.

Mr. Stanley estimates the extent of the Congo Basin at not less than 1,508,000 square miles. Of these the French own 62,400; the Portuguese 30,700; 349,700 are yet unclaimed; and 1,065,200 belong to, or at least have been assigned by the common consent of Europe to, the Free State he has founded. The chief physical features of this enormous area are its vast forests, extensive and fertile plains, and magnificent river and lake system. Its lakes cover an area of 31,694 square miles. Among them are lakes Leopold II., Bangweola, Tanganika, Mutu Nzigè, and Mweru. The principal river, the

Congo, though surpassed in length by several others, is in the volume of its discharge second only to the Amazon. It is measured as follows:—

From the Atlantic Ocean is a navigable length of 110 miles, as far as Vivi, thence upward to Isangila, the lower series of the Livingstone Falls, 50 miles; from Isangila to Manyanga we have a tolerably navigable stretch of 88 miles; between Manyanga and Léopoldville is the upper series of Livingstone Falls, along a length of 85 miles; from Léopoldville upward to Stanley Falls we have a navigable length of 1,068 miles; from the lowest fall of this last series to Nyangwe there is a course of 385 miles; from Nyangwe to Mweru the river course extends 448 miles; the length of Lake Mweru is 67 miles; thence to Lake Bangweolo is 220 miles; Lake Bangweolo, or Bemba, is 167 miles long; and thence to its sources in the Chibalé Hills, the Chambezi has a length of 360 miles, the full total of these several courses being 3,034 miles. (II. 339-340).

Unlike most other great rivers, the Congo has no delta. It discharges itself by a single unbroken estuary seven miles and a half broad, in many places over two hundred fathoms deep, and with a current of from five to seven knots an hour. The volume of water brought down has been variously estimated; the lowest estimate being two million, and the highest four million three hundred and eighty-two thousand cubic feet per second; but the data on which the latter has been based can scarcely be regarded as reliable. After nearly a day's experiments, however, above Stanley Pool, nearly two hundred and fifty miles from the sea, Mr. Stanley found that, in the early part of March, when the river was lowest, a volume of one million four hundred and forty thousand cubic feet of water flowed per second; and by taking the altitude of high level, as shown on the face of a cliff, he calculated that at least two million five hundred and thirty thousand cubic feet of water must flow every second at the height of the rainy season. Before this water can reach the sea it is swollen by the contributions of a multitude of rivers. The Mississippi, when at the height of its March flood, has an outflow of one million one hundred and fifty thousand cubic feet per second; so that its volume must be very greatly exceeded by that of the Congo. At Banana the tide rises six feet; at Ponta da Lenha from eighteen to twenty-one inches; and at Boma from two to three inches. Twice in the year the volume of the river is nearly doubled. The first or

lesser rise begins at Boma in the latter half of March, and attains its greatest height between the 18th and 31st of May. The second or greater rise begins during the first days of September, and continues to between the 15th and 25th of December. Between the 15th of January and the 10th of March there is a steady fall, after which the river remains unchanged until the lesser rise begins again.

The scenery along the banks of the Congo is affirmed by all who have seen it to be magnificent. Mr. Stanley has seen none to equal it. In his opinion neither the Indus nor the Ganges, the Nile nor the Niger, nor any of the rivers of North or South America has any glories of mountain or foliage or sunlight, which are not greatly excelled by those of his favorite river, and many of the finest passages in his volumes are devoted to descriptions of the beauty and magnificence seen along its banks. But instead of citing any of these, we will transcribe the following description of the peculiar effect of the sunlight in Africa, an effect which is doubtless due to the condition of the atmosphere.

When speaking of African sunshine, it must be remembered that there are different qualities of sunshine. For instance, there is the hard, white, naked, undisguised sunshine of North-eastern America; there is the warm, drowsy, hazy sunshine of the English summer; there is the bright, cheery, purified sunshine of the Mediterranean. African sunshine, however, always appears to me, with all its great heat, to be a kind of superior moonlight, judging from its effects on scenery. Once or twice in this book I write of "solemn-looking hills." I can only attribute this apparent solemnity to the peculiar sunshine. It deepens the shadows, and darkens the dark-green foliage of the forest, while it imparts a wan appearance or a cold reflection of light to naked slopes and woodless hilltops. Its effect is a chill austerity—an indescribable solemnity, a repelling unsociability. Your sympathies are not warmed by it; silence has set its seal upon it; before it you become speechless. Gaze your utmost on the scene, admire it as you may, worship it if you will, but your love is not needed. Speak not of grace or of loveliness in connection with it. Serene it may be, but it is a passionless serenity. It is to be contemplated, but not to be spoken to, for your regard is fixed upon a voiceless sphynx-like immobility, belonging more to an unsubstantial dreamland than to a real earth. (I. 94-5).

The population of the Free State of the Congo, Mr. Stanley suggests, is about forty-five millions. This estimate, however, can only be regarded as a rough one, and is probably too high. According to

the latest trustworthy calculations, the population of the whole of Africa is represented by two hundred millions. Some place it at one hundred and seventy millions. The data on which these calculations are based are of course imperfect, and Mr. Stanley's seem to have been based chiefly upon the density of population he found on the banks of the upper Congo. But in other parts, and especially away from the rivers, there must be large tracts of country where the population is much less dense than it is along the banks of the Congo, and any generalization for the whole of the country, based upon the latter, must manifestly give too high a figure.

Of the climate of the country, Mr. Stanley is entitled to speak with authority, and justly, as no European has had a larger or so large an experience of it. The two chapters he has devoted to it contain a large amount of extremely valuable information, and will be read with interest. With care as to food, clothing, and exposure, Europeans, it would seem, may live as long, and enjoy as good health, on the banks of the Congo, as they may in most other places. But care is absolutely requisite; without it the climate proves as hurtful as the climate of the west coast of Africa is generally said to be.

As a field for commerce, Mr. Stanley speaks of the country in the most glowing terms, and believes that it excels all other known lands for the number and rare variety of precious gifts with which nature has endowed it. Comparing it with the richest portion of North America, *i.e.*, with the basin of the Mississippi, previous to its development by modern Americans, he remarks:—

The Congo basin is much more promising at the same stage of undevelopment. The forests on the banks of the Congo are filled with precious redwood, *lignum vitæ*, mahogany, and fragrant gum-trees. At their base may be found inexhaustible quantities of fossil gum, with which the carriages and furniture of civilized countries are varnished; their boles exude myrrh and frankincense; their foliage is draped with orchilla-weed, useful for dye. The redwood when cut down, chipped and rasped, produces a deep crimson powder, giving a valuable coloring; the creepers which hang in festoons from tree to tree are generally those from which india-rubber is produced (the best of which is worth 2s. per lb.); the nuts of the oil palm give forth a butter, a staple article of commerce; while the fibres of others will make the best cordage. Among the wild shrubs is frequently found the coffee-plant. In its plains, jungle, and swamp, luxu-

riate the elephants, whose tusk furnish ivory worth from 8s. to 11s. per lb.; its waters teem with numberless herds of hippopotamus, whose tusks are also valuable; furs of the lion, leopard, monkey, otter: hides of antelope, buffalo, goat, cattle, etc., may also be obtained. But what is of far more value, it possesses over 40,000,000 of moderately industrious and workable people, which the Red Indians never were. And if we speak of perspective advantages and benefits to be derived from this late gift of Nature, they are not much inferior in number or value to those of the well-developed Mississippi Valley. The copper of Lake Superior is rivalled by that of the Kwilu-Niadi Valley, and of Bembé. Rice, cotton, tobacco, maize, coffee, sugar, and wheat, would thrive equally well in the broad plains of the Congo. This is only known after the least superficial examination of a limited line which is not much over 50 miles wide. I have heard of gold and silver, but this statement requires corroboration, and I am not disposed to touch upon what I do not personally know.

For climate the Mississippi valley is superior, but a large portion of the Congo basin, at present inaccessible to the immigrant, is blessed with a temperature under which Europeans may thrive and multiply. There is no portion of it where the European trader may not fix his residence for years, and develop commerce to his own profit with as little risk as is incurred in India. (II. 374-376)

Ivory, Mr. Stanley ranks but fifth among the natural products of the Congo basin, and assigns a much higher value to the produce of the soil. The figures which are freely scattered over the pages in which he deals with the commercial value of the country, may not be altogether reliable, yet there can be no doubt that a new and vast field for commercial enterprise has been opened up by his labors.

The question may naturally be asked, Will what he has done remain and bear fruit? The only answer that seems possible with the evidence before us, is that it undoubtedly will, providing the stations of the association are properly officered and judiciously managed. This seems to be all that is needed. The white man with his merchandise is eagerly welcomed by the natives, who are thoroughly alive to the advantages to be derived from his settlement among them. One of their chiefs remarked to Mr. Stanley, "We are all traders;" and, with a ready market for their produce, there is every probability that they will soon become not merely large buyers of the manufactured goods of Europe and America, but peaceable, industrious, and thriving citizens. At the same time, it must be observed that the proper officering of its establishments has

been one of the association's principal difficulties. It is a difficulty, however, that should easily be overcome, and doubtless it soon will be. When it is, and the railway, whose construction Mr. Stanley is now advocating, is laid down past the unnavigable parts of the river, that magnificent future for the Congo, so confidently predicted in the volumes before us, will not, it may safely be said, be far distant; and so long as the government of the State remains in the hands of Mr. Stanley, its progress and prosperity may be regarded as assured.

From The Leisure Hour.
THE KRAKATOA ERUPTION.

BY THE REV. PHILIP NEALE, LATE BRITISH
CHAPLAIN AT BATAVIA.

V.

MILE after mile, amid the most melancholy surroundings of death and destruction, had to be traversed before we reached our first halting-place at Merak. And very weary miles they were. It is most unusual in any part of Java for a European to be seen walking beneath the rays of the fierce tropical sun, but on this occasion there was no help for it. We must either walk or remain behind. Driving was, of course, quite out of the question; riding was equally impracticable, on account of the fallen *débris*; and even walking was a most difficult and fatiguing task.

Java—within six degrees of the equator—is no place for pedestrian exercise after the sun has risen, and, though thinly clad, we had soon had enough of it. However, we still scrambled on as best we could. At one time we were clambering over the trunks of several fallen palm-trees, torn up by the roots and jammed together in one inextricable mass by the rushing torrent. At another, we found our progress barred by the huge blocks of coral rock, which had to be scaled in spite of their rough surface and meagre foothold. Then, again, we reached some heavy, swampy ground many inches in depth, caused by the dense fall of grey ash having been turned into mud by the wave. Throughout our route lay the overthrown cottages and their scattered contents. Here a broken doorway, there a smashed bedstead; clothing, crockery, and furniture lying on all sides in hopeless confusion. Most of the least injured domestic articles had been already carried away by the natives, and this only served to make

the scene of destruction seem more complete.

Such was the spectacle which met our eyes the whole of the distance towards Merak. Now and again a few feet of the old roadway could be traced, but for the most part it had completely disappeared, and the natives walking to and fro in their work of recovering the dead must have formed an entirely new track. At intervals we passed a few solitary Malays working amidst the ruin, but considering the large district we traversed there were comparatively very few about. Without a single exception, the whole of the coconut palm-trees had been thrown down. Not one was left standing on the low ground near the coast, and it was not until the higher country was reached, several miles inland, that we found any trees which had escaped. The palm-trees have no depth of root, and consequently they offered but little resistance to the rushing waters. Stronger trees, however, on the rising ground, such as the Java *waringin*, were not so easily destroyed, and many of these had their trunks snapped off about twenty feet from the ground. The value of the timber and fruit destroyed was immense.

At length the first stage of our weary walk was coming to an end. We were now in sight of all that was left of the flourishing town and district of Merak. A few weeks before it had been the centre of teeming life and activity, and now not a single habitation remained. A solitary tent—pitched on an adjacent hill, with the Dutch tricolored flag floating above—was the only sign of life, and this was the temporary home of one of the few surviving Soenda Straits pilots. This man had fortunately been engaged in piloting a vessel to Batavia at the time of the eruption, and had thus escaped the effects of the volcanic wave on shore. It was in the Merak district that the greatest loss of life had occurred. Thousands upon thousands had here perished, and as many as three thousand bodies had actually been recovered in the neighborhood, in spite of the receding waters which carried all before them. To account for this immense loss of life it must be remembered that the island of Java is one of the most densely populated countries in the world. In calculating the average number of inhabitants to a square mile, there is only one country, I believe, which exceeds it. The following figures, published officially by the Dutch government, will give some idea of the immense popu-

lation and of its mixed character. Leaving out the Europeans and Chinese, there is in Java, at the present time, a native population of over twenty millions. Next come the Chinese with two hundred and twenty thousand, the Dutch with thirty-seven thousand, the Arabs with ten thousand, and last, as well as least, the English community of not more than one hundred and twenty persons, all told.

There was an additional reason, too, why the Merak district had such a large resident population. In its neighborhood were some very extensive stone quarries, employing a large number of hands, and these all perished in the midst of their work on that fatal Monday. They were engaged in preparing stone for the Batavia Haven-werken Company, who are constructing new docks at Tandjong Priok, close to the capital, and were swept away without any warning. As we approached the quarries a terrible scene of destruction again awaited us. The strong railway line, used for conveying the stone to the neighboring jetty, was torn up for many hundreds of yards, twisted and bent just like wire. The fish-plates connecting the lengths of rail had held securely, and when the metals had been torn from the sleepers by the rushing water, the latter had been curved and bent in serpentine fashion, and carried a great distance from their original position. One of these lengths of torn-up rail must have measured a quarter of a mile. The railway trucks had fared very badly, having been dashed in all directions, and greatly damaged. Two of the locomotives employed on the quarry line, in spite of their great weight, did not escape so well as one would have imagined. One of them, a six-wheeled tank engine, was washed off the rails and thrown completely over on its side. The other, of similar size and construction, was more damaged, and had actually been carried right out to sea. There it lay, a battered wreck, some fifty yards from the beach, with the waves surrounding and breaking over it. This will give some idea again of the force of the torrent, but it is certainly not more remarkable than the huge blocks of coral rock which we found washed so far inland.

Passing on we came at length to the little hill close to the ocean, on which, as before mentioned, the Dutch pilot had erected his temporary canvas home. Ascending it, we had a good view of the surrounding country. As far as the eye could reach there was the same sad scene of desolation and ruin. There too rolled the

peaceful ocean, with its placid waves glittering in the dazzling sunshine. It was very hard to realize, as the waters broke so gently upon the shore beneath, that such a dreadful element of destruction could have risen so recently from their quiet depths. It was on this hill overlooking the sea at Merak that we were able to form a correct idea of the height of the volcanic wave when it first broke upon the Java coast, and this is how we came to our conclusion that the wave must have been at least one hundred and twenty feet high. The ground on which we were standing was more than one hundred feet above the sea level, and on the highest part of it had been erected a large brick house, occupied by the resident engineer connected with the quarries. It was very strongly built, as European houses in the tropics always are, with good solid foundations, and yet, although more than a hundred feet above the sea, this massive dwelling had been completely razed to the ground by the passing wave. The walls had been washed away as neatly as if they had been sliced off with a knife, and nothing remained standing but the brick and marble floors, which rested on the strong foundation. There were marks on each side of the hill showing how the resistless torrent of water had escaped down the slope, bearing the ruined house and its contents far away.

At the time of our visit a vigorous search was being made by the natives for a large safe containing books and money connected with the quarry works, which, having been carried away with the house, had up to that time remained undiscovered. The search for it was a hopeless task, and possibly it had been carried out to sea by the receding waters.

From the complete destruction of this house on the top of the little hill at Merak, we may safely conclude that when the destroying wave first broke upon the western shores of Java it must have been more than a hundred feet in height. Nothing short of this would account for the immense destruction everywhere visible in the neighborhood. As it proceeded onward bearing away trees and houses *en masse* in its resistless fury, hurling huge blocks of coral (torn from its ocean bed) right and left, it naturally decreased in height the farther it went, until at length its force was spent, and meeting the rising ground the tide began to turn, and the volcanic wave receded once more to the ocean depths from which it had started.

A brief rest at Merak, and then we had

to think of making a start for Anjer. We had hoped to have sailed down, the distance being only ten miles, but the wind was unfortunately against us, and we had to retrace our steps to the place where our *ka-hars* were waiting. Before leaving Merak we had a splendid view of the Soenda Strait. Turning our backs upon the land in the vain hope of shutting out the scene of horrors we had so lately been witnessing, we looked out to sea and found a beautiful scene before us. Opposite to us lay the coast of Sumatra, with a hot, misty haze rising from its sunny coast. Towering far above the dense green mass of vegetation were the wooded heights of Mount Radjah Bassa, four thousand feet above the sea. Half-way across the strait lay a small island, clad in tropical verdure, rejoicing in the appropriate name of "Athwart the way." Krakatoa had found this island very much in its way during its outburst, and in a destroying mood had actually split up its little neighbor into four or five still more diminutive pieces. Not content with this, it had carried its work of destruction still farther, Poeloe Temposa and several other smaller islands having totally vanished from the Soenda Strait.

Part of our walk back was saved by obtaining a boat and some natives to row us a mile or two along the coast. This was all very well as long as we kept out to sea, but when we wished to land we found it very risky work to approach again the shore. The coast was lined with coral rock—thrown up by the waves—and many a sharp-pointed block lay just below the surface. We had several narrow escapes of striking upon the latter, and, owing to the great depth of the water, an accident to the boat would have been very serious. The native boatmen, however, landed us in safety at last, and after a long walk we were glad to find ourselves back again at the spot where our conveyances awaited us.

With hands and face scorched and sunburnt, we again proceeded on our way, beneath the fierce rays of the midday sun. We were very tired and thirsty, and there was no water to be had. My companion, one of the Anjer survivors, who still rode with me, soon found a means of quenching our thirst. Stopping the *ka-har*, for a few cents he induced some of the coolies who were passing to climb a palm-tree at the roadside and throw down the fruit. Only the green cocoanuts were chosen, and when an opening had been cut in the thick outside rind, they were presented to

us that we might drink the contents. This proved to be a pleasant beverage of clear water, and although there was a strong flavor of cocoanut about it, it made a cool, refreshing draught. Whilst this novel plan of obtaining a drink was being carried out, one of the Javanese laborers who had been at Merak on the day of its destruction gave me an interesting account of what had happened to him and his companions.

"I was working," he said, "a long way from the sea—four or five paalen from the coast. A lot of other natives were with me in the *paddee* field. We were cultivating rice. We had gone to work as usual, in spite of the volcano. We did not think it would hurt us. And all of a sudden there came a great noise. We looked round at once and saw a great black thing, a long way off, coming towards us. It was very high and strong, and we soon saw that it was water. Trees and houses were washed away as it came along. The people near began to cry out and run for their lives. Not far off was some steep, sloping ground. We all ran towards it and tried to climb up out of the way of the water. It was too quick for most of them, and many were drowned almost at my side. I managed to get a long way up, and then the water came very near to me. When I thought I was safe I looked back and saw the wave wash the people down one after the other as they tried to scramble out of its way. There was a general rush to climb up in one particular place. This caused a great block, and many of them got wedged together, and could not move. Then they struggled and fought, screaming and crying out all the time. Those below tried to make those above them move on again by biting their heels. A great struggle took place for a few moments, but all was soon over. One after another they were washed down and carried far away by the rushing waters. You can see the marks on the side of the hill where this fight for life took place" (we had seen it on our way towards Merak, the identical spot having been pointed out to us as we passed). "Some of those who were washed off dragged others down with them. They would not let go their hold, nor could those above them release themselves from this death-grip. Many were high enough up to have altogether escaped if they had not thus been dragged down by their unfortunate companions."

Soon after noon we were back again at Tjilegon, and at once, with fresh ponies,

began our journey to the ruined and deserted town of Anjer. When within five miles of the latter place we came to the post-station of Tji-gadieng. The buildings forming it had been clean swept away, the foundations of the brickwork alone remaining. The road soon after this became broken up, and we had some very rough travelling. Many of the bridges had been carried away, but most of them were repaired with a temporary bamboo covering, and, with many misgivings, we gently made our way across these frail and swaying structures. At length our damaged road got worse and worse, and our driver declined to proceed. A little coaxing and threatening combined induced him to make another start; but at last we were quite satisfied that the road was impassable, and two miles from Anjer we again had reluctantly to commence our pedestrian exercise beneath a burning tropical sun.

The same scene of ruin and death, such as we had just left behind us at Merak, again presented itself. Fallen trees and fallen houses were all that remained of what was once a well-built and thriving Dutch town. I had seen photographs of what Anjer had been in its original state six weeks before, but only one feature in it was at all recognizable, and that was a strongly built fort, which now lay in a ruined state. It had been too strong to be carried away bodily by the wave, but had nevertheless suffered severely. Only in a few places could the chief streets of the town be traced. The river had been strangely diverted in its course, and now took an entirely different channel, necessitating numbers of temporary bamboo bridges to be thrown over it. My companion, who had lived in the place all his life, was now so much out of his reckoning that he positively could not point out the street where his home had been. When I pressed him to give me some idea of where he had lived, he told me that he thought the river must now be flowing over the site, as he could not understand his whereabouts at all. One solitary tree, a huge *waringin*, was the only surviving one out of the dense forest which had originally surrounded the town. Great masses of coral rock lay about in every direction, just as we had seen them, earlier in the day, near Merak. Being closer to the sea, they were if anything larger than the ones I have previously described. There was not a trace to be seen of the Anjer lighthouse, so complete had been its destruction.

Proceeding onward to the outskirts of the ruined town, we came to the European cemetery — a pretty spot, on slightly elevated ground, overlooking the sea. The destruction here had been very great. Not a single gravestone or monument remained to mark the last resting-place of those who had lived and died in Anjer's happier days. And in some cases, even, the more recent graves had been washed open, and the bodies interred had apparently been carried out to sea by the receding waters.

Very few of the thousands who perished in this neighborhood were recovered. One of the few natives whom we found in the ruined town told us that not more than three hundred had been buried in the whole town and district. It is the more easy to believe, therefore, the accounts of the captains, who reported on arrival at Batavia that their vessels in the Straits of Soenda had passed through hundreds of dead and floating bodies.

As we turned our faces homeward from this awful scene of devastation and death, we caught a glimpse in the distance of the famous Krakatoa. There it lay, quite out at sea, nearly thirty miles distant, a solitary island, with its cone-shaped mountain rising up to a height of twenty-six hundred feet, not only uninhabited itself, but the terrible destroyer of fully fifty thousand souls. After careful inquiry, I do not think the loss of life could have been less than this, and possibly it may have been even more. The extent of coast destroyed or damaged between Karang-Antu on the north and Tji-riding on the west must have been fully twenty-five miles.

Such were the fatal consequences of the Krakatoa outburst of August 27th, 1883. Frequent as earthquakes and eruptions are in Java, it is seldom that so much damage and loss of life occur as on the present occasion, and although the island, from its peculiar formation, can never be quite free from such startling visitations, it is fervently to be hoped that no such terrible consequences will ever again have to be chronicled as those connected with the Krakatoa eruption.

From The Gentleman's Magazine.

LIFE IN THE BASTILLE.

WE have all heard that the Bastille was intended originally as a fortress to be used also as a prison for State criminals. Built in the latter half of the fourteenth

century, it served chiefly as a fortress until the reign of Louis XIII., when, under the arrogant despotism of Richelieu (1624-1642), its cells were found convenient for hiding such prisoners as the cardinal minister judged to be objectionable. A few years after his death it was said of him, "Richelieu did not govern, he thundered." Under his rule the Bastille was always full; he relied upon the scaffold and upon the dungeon in affording him assistance in the work he had in hand. And during the long reign of Louis XIV. the prison authorities were always fully employed. For a century and a half the French people used to look upon the Bastille as the emblem of despotism and of tyranny; and, as all the world knows, the hateful prison was pulled down by the mob of Paris in 1789, at the commencement of the great French Revolution.

Until its downfall the archives of the Bastille were hidden inside the old fortress, unknown to any one save to the governor. When the building was stormed all these papers were thrown out into the courtyard. Most of them were taken temporarily to the Abbaye St. Germain des Prés, afterwards to the Arsenal. There they remained until they were put into its library, when M. François Ravaisson, one of the secretary-treasurers, and later one of the conservators, himself ransacked the archives to see what he could find in them.

Under the ancient monarchy in France secrecy was the one all-important matter whenever prisoners of State were concerned. To them the Bastille was as silent as the grave so long as they were inside its walls. The orders for imprisonment were given by *lettres de cachet*, and these were scrutinized with the greatest care. The *lettre de cachet* was, in fact, a letter signed with the king's seal, and containing an order from him; but the orders that have come most frequently to our notice were orders for imprisonment. Those that related to the Bastille had to be signed first by the king, afterwards by a minister; at the bottom of the order the governor signed a receipt. And in nearly every case before the arrival of the prisoner, the governor had already received instructions to enter in the register his name, the cause for his arrest, and by whose order the arrest had been made. Unless these preliminary rules had been observed, entrance into the castle was forbidden. To effect the arrest either force or cunning was the means usually employed, for it was above all things nec-

essary to avoid publicity. An officer touched the shoulder of the man whom he was about to make prisoner with a white wand, and ordered him in the king's name to follow. Resistance was not often shown, for all knew that it would be ineffectual. A carriage was kept in readiness, or when that was not possible the first vehicle that could be found was seized — again in the king's name — and into that the prisoner was made to enter, two or three officers sitting beside him. Before opening the gates of the Bastille the first sentinel cried, "Qui vive?" The chief escort answered, "Ordre du roi." A subaltern of the guard inside the castle demanded to see the *lettre de cachet*. Then he allowed the gates to be opened, and a bell was tolled to warn the officers inside. The king's lieutenant and the captain in command of the gates received the prisoner in due form as he alighted from his carriage. De Renneville, who was a political prisoner in the Bastille during the latter years of the reign of Louis XIV., and who has left us a long though not always a trustworthy account of his imprisonment and of his sufferings, says: "At last we reached the dreaded spot. On entering, as soon as the sentinels saw us they put their caps before their faces. I have since learned that they observe this strange custom because it is forbidden them to look at the faces of the prisoners." In De Renneville's as well as in other accounts that we have of the treatment shown to prisoners in the Bastille we cannot take every assertion made as an established fact. The food, for instance, as to which we shall speak later on, would vary according to the character of the governor; and M. Ravaisson says that De Renneville's complaints against Bernaville — the governor in his time — are quite valueless. M. Ravaisson has no doubt compiled his lengthy tomes from the original documents; nevertheless in his introduction he writes, it would seem, as wishing to put matters in the most favorable light for the prison authorities.

The prisoners were divided into two classes, those who had been arrested for reprimand and those who were thought to be guilty of graver faults. Prisoners of the first class were kept under key merely as a precautionary measure, but the others might, if it so pleased the king, remain in prison indefinitely without any legal judgment being passed upon them; or they might be brought before the bar of the Parliament, or before the Extraor-

inary Commission held at the Arsenal, where they were examined. When their guilt was proved they were no longer imprisoned in the king's name, but in the name of the Commission, and then the system of procedure followed its usual course. Torture would be employed to extract from the suffering wretch a confession of his crimes. It is not now our intention to detail horrors, so we will omit these acts of cruelty. So long as the prisoner was confined in the king's name his condition was not especially to be pitied, but the rigors of the law commenced when his case was tried by the Commission which sat in the Arsenal. The treatment inside the prison was milder than is generally supposed, but that cannot excuse the system which allowed to the king the right to commit any one of his subjects to banishment—often for a long period of years—without his being tried and found worthy of imprisonment.

In the early years of his reign Louis XIV. used the *lettres de cachet* with some moderation. He did not sign them until he knew what he was doing, and very many of the arrests made were justified on public grounds. But as years went on abuses grew louder, and Louis punished men often unjustly. At first he was rightly severe upon duelling, theft, extortion, and poisoners. A long chapter might be written upon this latter head alone. As he grew older he became more selfish, less just-minded, and more bigoted in religious matters. Towards the end of his reign the Bastille was filled with Protestants, with Jansenists, and with authors. As regards the authors many of them left the Bastille in a better bodily condition than when they went into it.

It would be a mistake to suppose that only the nobility were sent to the Bastille. High and low found themselves within its walls, the difference being that prisoners of distinction were put in one of the rooms in the castle and commoner prisoners into the towers. In the towers there were thirty-seven cells, in the castle itself forty-two. There were eight towers, and under each there was a dungeon, or *cachot*, where recalcitrant prisoners were sent, but they were never kept there for a long time. Here the most turbulent prisoners were confined, generally half-crazed malefactors, and, by way of threat, a chain was riveted into the centre of the floor. There can be no doubt that the dungeons were damp and un-

wholesome. Almost as bad as the dungeons were the *calottes*, or the prisons at the top of the towers, for in winter they were terribly cold and in summer the prisoners were made sick by the heat. They were so low that a man could not stand upright except in the centre. In these places were put hardened prisoners, but who were not bad enough to deserve the dungeons. Neither in the *calotte* nor in the *cachot* was any sort of fireplace at all possible. All the other rooms, M. Ravaillon says, were like one another. They were octagon in shape, from ten to thirteen feet across and as many feet high. In most of them was a large chimney, which was very carefully barred, to prevent the escape of a prisoner; in others there was a stove. To every room there were double doors with enormous locks, that required enormous keys. De Renneville often speaks of the hideous noise made by the scraping of the keys in the locks of his doors.

The prisoner was bound to provide himself with all the furniture that was allowed to him. A special upholsterer enjoyed this monopoly, and we are told that he used to make much money. He probably sold poor articles at treble their value. The system could not have been a good one, for it led to communication with persons outside. Early in the eighteenth century a few rooms were furnished—that is, a bed, two chairs, and a table were provided. Absolute solitude was never very rigorously enforced unless special instructions to this effect had been given by the minister. The prisoners were often visited by one of the officers, and the turnkeys used partially to clear out the rooms. The only article of expense that the king paid for was the food; and, lest we be suspected of speaking untruly, we will translate literally M. Ravaillon's words, and also those of the prisoner De Renneville.

M. Ravaillon first. "There were always several dishes—soup, an entrée, another course (either of meat or of vegetables), dessert, etc. To each dinner two bottles of wine, Burgundy or Champagne; a third bottle was given to be drunk at leisure during the day. The most robust appetite was not strong enough to consume so much; and De Renneville often ridicules the turnkeys, who were slow in taking away the plates, so that they might have time to finish the savory dishes. But they were not allowed to touch the wine. The prisoners, therefore, had always a bin in the corner of their cells.

On holidays the governor would send them an extra bottle. De Renneville says that once six bottles of champagne were brought to him." This last sentence we confess that we cannot accept quite literally without some explanation. M. Ravaisson, who has spent many years in examining the archives of the Bastille, says that in the seventeenth century it was considered a sign of good manners to get drunk.

Now let us see what the prisoner De Renneville says. "At the stroke of one o'clock I was awakened by the noise of the scraping of the keys in the locks, which seemed to penetrate into my bones. The second door opened, and Corbé—the governor's nephew—entered, with a smile on his face as he spoke to me. He was followed by my stinking turnkey with an armful of dishes. The man laid one of my napkins on the table, and placed my dinner upon it. This consisted of a plate of green pea soup garnished with lettuces, which had been well boiled and looked very nice, and with a quarter of a fowl on the top. In another plate there was a slice of succulent beef, with gravy and a sprinkling of parsley; on another plate a quarter of a forcemeat pie, well garnished with sweetbread, cocks' combs, asparagus, mushrooms, truffles, etc.; and on another plate some hashed mutton: all very well served; and for dessert a biscuit and two apples."

Later on in his imprisonment De Renneville says: "Ru—the turnkey—came alone, bringing me my dinner, about two o'clock. My ordinary fare had been reduced considerably. I had nevertheless a good plate of soup with crusts of bread in it, a bit of tolerable boiled beef, a sheep's tongue hashed, and two bits of pastry for my dessert. I was served much in the same way all the time I was in this unhappy place. Sometimes a wing or a leg of a fowl was put into my soup; or sometimes little bits of pastry were put on the edge of my soup plate, but from the crumbs that remained I knew that Ru used now and then to eat them himself. In the evening I had either some veal or some roast mutton, with a little hash, or sometimes a young pigeon, and now and again—not often—half of a fowl, and occasionally a salad. I used to give three-quarters of all this to the turnkeys. It was their perquisite. They had also whole pieces of bread. These were taken back into the kitchen and used again for our soup."

Whatever hardships men in the Bastille

had to undergo, it would seem that at any rate they had plenty to eat. There, as in other prisons, a deprivation of a portion of their meals was a mode of punishment employed often enough. Even then the prisoner had given to him soup, meat, bread, and a pint of wine. It was only in extreme cases that he was put upon bread and water, and never without express order from the court.

Plenty to eat was the rule, but during the years 1709-1710 the allowance was less liberal. De Renneville and other prisoners complained to the minister against the governor. Provisions had then become very dear, for that winter was exceptionally severe. Distress was common all through France. The law was that the food supplied to the prisoners should be regulated according to the tariff allowed by the king. This allowance was made to depend upon the rank of the prisoner: princes were allowed at the rate of fifty francs a day; nobles, thirty and twenty; the bourgeoisie, ten and five; those of a low condition, three francs or two francs fifty centimes. De Renneville's allowance was at the rate of ten francs a day. It is needless to say that the food supplied cost less than these sums. The surplus moneys were divided among the governor and his staff of officers. The salary of the governor was not high—the office was held for life—but the perquisites were considerable. Besmaus, appointed by Mazarin in 1658, paid for the place forty thousand francs. Even when the Bastille was empty a certain number of pensions were allowed, and when the prison was full the profits were naturally very large.

The prisoners might buy certain authorized books; but each volume was taken to pieces, rebound, and carefully examined to intercept any hidden letter or other correspondence. The officers would sometimes lend their books. By degrees a prison library was formed, and it was large enough to have a special catalogue made. Chess too was allowed, and games at draughts. Cards were tolerated. With an order from the minister paper might be given, but it was doled out sheet by sheet, and the same number of sheets as were given to the prisoner had to be returned to the officer; so also when a pen was supplied. There were other pleasures, called *les libertés de la Bastille*, but they were given sparingly and only as a mark of great condescension. A certain number of prisoners might walk about in the courtyard until nightfall, and they

might see their friends during the day. There were also games allowed to those whom the authorities thought deserving.

On the whole, then, life in the Bastille for ordinary state prisoners was not intolerable. Hunger is the most imperious of all man's wants, and that was abundantly satisfied.

HENRY M. TROLLOPE.

From All The Year Round.
MILK FAIR.

THE last days of a fair, and of a fair which has lasted without interruption for a couple of centuries, more or less; a harmless, quiet kind of fair, as mild as the milk from which it takes its name, and in which the only orgies were in the way of an excessive consumption of ginger-beer, and the only temptation in a display of cakes and bull's-eyes. Surely here is a melancholy occasion, which may be improved by a short retrospect of the history of the menaced institution. We say "menaced" advisedly, for, up to the time of writing, the threatened evictions have not been completed. The shades of evening were falling over St. James's Park, a gentle drizzle pattered among the trees, the Mall and wide parade-ground of the Horse Guards were almost deserted, and still in the familiar corner by Spring Gardens two stalls, one at each end of the little row, remained erect, and a couple of cows stood dejectedly tethered to the railings, as a reminder that Milk Fair was not yet entirely a thing of the past. On the footboard of one of the stalls sat two old ladies in black, who seemed to be mourning over the ruins of their neighbors' tenements, which were piled on the roadway, a confused heap of boards and rafters — while a young girl was keeping an eye on the cow, and polishing the glasses and the great white bowl, suggestive of curds-and-whey, as if in some faint expectation that these might be wanted another day.

And, indeed, if the claims of long prescription have any weight, such as they have in the case of more dignified persons and more pretentious institutions, these poor stall-keepers may hope for a little grace. From father to son, from mother to daughter, these stalls have been handed down, and if the tenure of them has always been on sufferance, yet the sufferance of the ranger of the Royal Parks would have been considered by

most people as a good title, and one that was not likely to be lightly set aside. The old lady who is sitting there so disconsolately, is seventy years old, and has stood there serving at her stall for fifty years or more, and the worthy proprietor of the cows represents a family who have been even longer on the ground. And now they are told to take themselves off, and find a place if they can in the wilderness of London. A hopeful prospect, certainly, looking to the crushing and crowding for any place where a living may be made, however poor. Truly this would not have been done to the poor dependents at their gates by any of the four Georges, whatever their failings may have been, nor yet by the Stuart race before them. Let us hope that it may not remain as a record of the enlightened reign of Victoria.

But, apart from the ruin involved for unoffending people, it seems a pity to lose a link, however slight, with a picturesque and varied past. For in the cows and milk-cans, and bowls of junket, we have a faint echo of the more joyous outdoor life of other centuries. Perhaps the summers were longer and more genial then, and the east winds did not blow with such cruel persistence; perhaps people were more robust, and less liable to chills and bronchial affections; but anyhow, they lived a good deal more in the open air, and if the degrees of social rank were more strongly marked, people of all classes mixed together a good deal more. With a few shillings in your pocket, in the days of the Merry Monarch, you might dine hob-a-nob in Spring Gardens with countesses and duchesses. There is the fair Shrewsbury, the countess commemorated by Pope, in connection with Cliveden's proud alcove, dining with Captain Howard in a little booth under the trees; the invincible Jermy is ogling the flighty countess, and making fun of her cavalier. There will be a meeting to-morrow in the fields close by, and rapiers will gleam and deadly wounds be given.

If you walk through Spring Gardens to-day you will find everywhere a process of petrification going on. There were pleasant homes there once — clever surgeons and thriving professional men inhabited those houses which still have about them a little of the greenery of old Spring Gardens. But now everything is Admiralty, and it is the expansion of the Admiralty — in its official Tite Barnacle capacity, for it does not seem to expand so much in the way of fighting-ships —

which threatens the poor stall-keepers of Milk Fair with extinction.

Little thought Mr. Pepys, who managed the affairs of the Admiralty in a back garden in Seething Lane, that his successors would come to take up so much room in the world. And Mr. Pepys, no doubt, had often refreshed himself with a can of milk on his way to the court in Whitehall, while noisy milk-folk were calling, "A can of milk, ladies! A can of red cow's milk, sir!"

If this poor expiring Milk Fair could write its memoirs, what a strange, quaint chronicle it would make, even if restricted to the immediate ground about the stalls — the historic Mall, now stretched lonely and deserted before us in the drizzling rain, with here and there a belated civil servant hurrying homewards under his umbrella.

First of all might be remembered a gloomy procession in the early morning, the trees dripping moisture, the way lined with stern Puritan soldiers; the king, all in black, except for his white lace collar, his face pale but resigned; a handful of his gentleman hurrying bareheaded before him, and the stern guards closing up behind — a sad procession to Whitehall and the scaffold.

And then the grim Protector may have had a word or two to say to the jolly milk-girls, all Royalists at heart, no doubt, especially as the lady protectress herself "very providentially," according to a writer of the time, "kept cows in St. James's Park."

But altogether to the mind of Milk Fair would be the Restoration, with crowds of gallants and gay sparks always thronging about Whitehall, and gay dames who were not too proud to drink of the foaming milk-can. There might be seen King Charles playing with his dogs and feeding the ducks, or strolling along the Mall with a knot of gay courtiers, while Mrs. Nelly looked on from a terrace above, and exchanged gay badinage with the party. And Mrs. Nelly, who had been a flower-girl once, and always kept a kindly heart for poor girls, was, no doubt, a good customer at Milk Fair.

The other beauties, too — Milk Fair knew them all. The stately Castlemaine, the fascinating Louise, and La belle Stuart, with "her sweet eye, little Roman nose, and excellent taille." A *taille*, by the way, that is still preserved for posterity on the copper coinage, where the armed Britannia, who sits and rules the waves with her long trident, is no other than the presentment of the fair Stuart.

Here, too, we might learn all about the game of pail mall, when the king took the mall and struck the ball, as in the "Arabian Nights" — a game for which, as its name implies, the Mall was originally laid out, kept firm and even, and covered with powdered cockle-shells, so that the ball might travel fast. And within sight of Milk Fair was the only scuffle that was made for James the Second's crown, when the Prince of Orange's men marched to relieve the king's guard at St. James's Palace, and Lord Craven drew his sword upon the relief.

With the fall of the Stuarts, royalty ceased to be a familiar figure about Milk Fair. Instead, we have the soberer forms of the wits, divines, and statesmen of the days of good Queen Anne. Swift appears in the intoxication of power, reading Stella's letters as he walks along. And then, writes Warburton the divine, apropos of pastoral poetry, "I would recommend to our good friend Mason, a voyage, now and then, with me round the park. What can afford nobler hints for pastoral than the cows and the milk-women at your entrance from Spring Gardens?"

Familiar, too, in Milk Fair would be the thick-set figure of Corporal John, as his soldiers called him — the hero of Blenheim — and Duchess Sarah, the termagant; and, later on, it had a fine view of his funeral, as they pulled down the garden wall of Marlborough House to make a way for the coffin. Often had the guns fired for his victories, threatening to turn the milk in the pails, and now they boomed over his coffin on its way to Westminster Abbey.

All this time the fashionable world thronged to the Mall, and in the long summer evenings the place would be alive with gay dames, patched and painted, hooped and farthingaled, with rich laced aprons and flounced petticoats; the men with square-tailed velvet coats, and huge periwigs, and diamond-buckled shoes, and pearl-colored silk stockings.

Let your talk, like your dress, be fantastic and odd,
And you'll shine in the Mall, 'tis the taste à la mode.

A fine time for Milk Fair this, with syllabubs, and junkets, and rich clotted cream in china bowls, all in demand till midnight struck, for not till then did the gay crowd disperse.

How different now is midnight in the Mall, with its homeless casuals shivering on its benches, and wretched women lurking among the trees!

To the fantastic costume of the first quarter of the seventeenth century succeeded a kind of pastoral simplicity, which was not out of keeping with Milk Fair, and once more royal princesses sometimes appeared in the Mall. But the fair has never since noticed quite such fast young women as then sometimes made their appearance on the scene. Lady Betty meets her friends somewhere by the fair. "There's five of us," she cries; "let us all set out arms akimbo and spread the Mall." "Sneer all the men!" suggests one. "Jostle all the women!" cries another.

And now Horace Walpole appears on the scene, and Lady Caroline Petersham musters her company in the Mall for a frolic at Vauxhall. The beautiful Gunning's bring a crowd about them by their beauty as they walk in the Mall; and the hearts of the milk-girls are almost in their mouths as a dark-looking stranger saunters up and down, for it is an open secret that this is Charles Stuart, the young Pretender, who has come to take a quiet glance at the kingdom that might have been his.

Then there is a quiet, stout, elderly citizen who often looks round the fair, ogling the girls, too, in a shy way, and all in the interest of his profession, for this is the noted author of "Pamela" and "Clarissa," who has walked over from Chelsea, and has an approving glance for virtuous milkmaids. Still more familiar is Fielding, with inked ruffles and claret stains on his tarnished lace coat, taking the air and perhaps a glass of milk to get the taste of Bow Street out of his mouth. And here swims along Lady Bellaston, and the swaggering captains and the gay young bloods of the day exchange greetings with their annalist.

Often, too, the Mall would be crowded with the sporting world to witness some exciting foot-race, such as that of Garth the physician against the Duke of Grafton at two hundred yards, which the author of "The Dispensary" won easily enough. And hopping-matches, too, were once in high favor, all which brought people to the Mall and customers to the fair.

Matches of another kind were often made upon the Mall, too, such as that of handsome Tracey and the butterwoman's daughter of Craven Street, when the parson of Craven Chapel was knocked up in the middle of the night to unite the ardent lovers; or that of handsome Frank Delaval, with the rich widow of sixty, who was introduced to him just by Milk Fair.

"Bless you, don't talk of honeymoon!" said Frank to one who was rallying him on his nuptials; "it's harvest-moon with me."

But what more affected the milk people, was the appointment of Lord Orford as ranger, who, though he got three thousand a year out of the post, was very stingy with the milk-women, and made them pay three shillings a week instead of half-a-crown as heretofore for the grazing of their cows on the grass-plots between the avenues.

And about this time — the last quarter of the eighteenth century, that is — we have the following account of Milk Fair by a French visitor: "Agreeably to this rural simplicity, most of the cows are driven about noon and evening to the gate which leads from the park to the quarter of Whitehall. Tied to posts at the extremity of the grass-plots, they swill passengers with their milk, which is served, with all the cleanliness peculiar to the English, in little mugs at the rate of a penny a mug."

Other French people were soon to throng about the milk-cans in the Mall — the heralds of the emigration from the Revolution; Madame de Genlis, and the beautiful Pamela, the pretty, fragile Princesse de Lamballe, soon to perish under the guillotine. But although the French emigration brought a temporary brilliance to the scene, with the close of the eighteenth century vanished all the reputation of the Mall as a place of fashionable resort.

From that epoch Milk Fair has had to rely chiefly on the support of the general public — the holiday-makers; the country cousins who come up to see the sights; the nursemaids with their little charges; those, too, who have been working at the early markets, and who, in fine weather, sleep out the day in the park and evade the cost of a lodging. Still, all the *fêtes* and rejoicings that have brought people to the park have brought some amount of grist to the Milk Fair. Among them was the great display, in 1814, at the overthrow of Napoleon, which was also the centenary of the House of Brunswick — when the whole park was lighted up with colored lamps, and Buckingham Palace was in a blaze of fireworks. The day following all London crowded into the park, where there was music all day long, and dancing on the grass till far into the night.

Then there was the queen's coronation, with its grand display, remembered by some of the present stall-keepers, when

night was turned into day; and more still can recall the Crimean fireworks in 1856, which was, perhaps, the last time we have let ourselves go, as a nation, in the way of rejoicing.

It seems a pity, surely, with all this long record that the days of Milk Fair should be shortened by official interference. It has given a bare living, of late years, to a number of honest people—and it would be a graceful act on the part of the ranger, who has a well-earned reputation for a kindly philanthropy, to let the old people sit out their Milk Fair to the end.

From The Spectator.

A PROSPEROUS PEASANT.

"IN the country of the blind, the one-eyed man is king;" and in a country cultivated by small occupying owners, a yeoman with twenty or thirty acres may be the richest man in a whole district, and one with eight or ten be considered well-to-do. It is thus in many parts of France and Switzerland, and in the grand duchy of Baden, where a government commission has lately been inquiring into the general state of agriculture and the economic condition of agriculturists. No inquisition so thorough and complete was probably ever before attempted; and the Report of the Commission, in four large volumes, gives us a picture of peasant life in south Germany from which nothing, down to the minutest detail, seems to be omitted. Instead of merely calling witnesses, after the manner of an English commission, and putting down their statements, that of Baden selected thirty-seven communes as samples of the bulk, and through the medium of sub-commissions, composed of men familiar with the respective localities, submitted each of them to a searching examination, as well touching methods of husbandry, value of produce, and division of land, as the social condition and ways of life of their inhabitants. In most of the communes, moreover, a representative peasant, also a sample of the bulk, was taken, and everything about him, as told by himself and confirmed by the inquiries of the local commission, set down. Ellmendingen, one of the districts in question, is an average commune of the grand duchy. Its inhabitants number one thousand and two, forming two hundred and eighteen households, among whom the land is divided

(though far from equally), at the rate of six and a half acres apiece. The richest yeoman of the locality owns twenty-five acres, and there are forty families whose holdings are under two and a half acres each. Hence an Ellmendingen peasant with eight or ten acres is looked upon as a very fortunate man, and his position in popular estimation is pretty much that of an English squire with two or three thousand a year. The name of this lucky fellow is indicated in the report by the letters "N. N.," which—it being more convenient to think of a man with a patronymic than under the guise of initials—we will take the liberty to transmute into Nathan Niederwald. All the same, "N. N." is no imaginary being, but a live peasant, at this moment toiling in his fields, or working in his vineyards in Ellmendingen, a commune of the district of Pforzheim.

Niederwald is forty years old, married, and the father of three children,—a son of thirteen, another of seven, and a year-old baby. His estate consists of a fraction more than nine acres—3.86 hectares (3.64 hectares = nine acres)—of vine-land, meadow, and pasture, divided into forty-eight parcels, and scattered all over the commune. Even his vines of 0.64 hectare (one and a half acre) are in eleven different places. This extreme subdivision of the soil is due to the operation of the law compelling a father to leave his property among his children share and share alike, and to the custom of giving children, on their marriage, snippets of land, husbandry being the sole occupation of the people of Ellmendingen. The value of Niederwald's land is reckoned at £566, that of his house and farm buildings at £205; and, as he is of a thrifty disposition and a good manager, his estate is free from encumbrance, "and he owes no man anything." His live stock consists of a yoke of oxen, two cows, one heifer, a sow, a young pig for fattening, one cock, and seven hens. It may interest some of our readers to know that the oxen are valued at £40, the cows at £12 5s. apiece, the sow at £5 5s., and the young pig at 12s. Niederwald's investment in this sort of movable property is put at £75. We need not give all the details of his stock in trade, which are more minutely described in the report than they would be in an auctioneer's catalogue; but, as touching his strictly domestic economy, we may mention that the shirts and shifts of the family are supposed to be worth £6 7s., the wardrobe of

the father £7, the mother's the same, and that the total value of clothing, furniture, and kitchen utensils, is estimated at £26 9s. As a curious detail, it is interesting to note that more than half this amount (£13 17s.) consists of bed and body linen. Most of this was doubtless provided by Frau Niederwald; for a German maiden is no sooner born than the mother begins to prepare her daughter's wedding trousseau, which, in the yeoman class, consists chiefly of linen; and as German households wash the family linen only two or three times a year, a large stock is indispensable.

But we have not yet done with the enumeration of Niederwald's possessions. On August 1st last year, his crops represented a value of £105, while of agricultural implements he had as nearly as possible £26 worth, and £2 2s. in ready cash. So altogether Niederwald is a man of a thousand pounds; as he is free from debt, we might almost say a man in ten thousand. But, hard though he works, he cannot quite do all the work himself, and for thirty-one days in the year he requires the help of a laborer, to whom he gives 1s. 8d. a day and his keep. This may appear rather a high rate of remuneration for south Germany; but the laborer is very likely a good man among the vines, and a vine-dresser is a skilled workman. There is also a woman servant, who considers herself well paid with £4 15s. a year, and works on the land whenever required. The cost of the Niederwalds' living in food and drink, which is given in great detail, comes to 50½ pfennige — as nearly as possible 6¼d. — each a day. This may not seem much, but it is very much more than an average English laborer can afford to spend on his tooth; and the Niederwalds, in fact, live well, as will be seen by the following *menu*: For first breakfast, taken between five and six A.M., the father, the maidservant, and the laborer have barley soup, or porridge, and potatoes; the mother and children, soup, coffee, and white bread. Second breakfast at nine: for the father, half a pint of wine and half a pound of bread; for the others, bread and butter and cider. Dinner: three times a week, 1½ lb. of flesh-meat with vegetables; on other days, farinaceous dishes only. At four o'clock P.M., "a putting on," repetition of the second breakfast. For supper, cream soup, followed by potatoes and skim-milk. When potatoes lack, they are replaced with bread and salad. The greater part of the flesh-meat (200 lbs.) consumed by the family is

home-fed pork and bacon, the purchases from the butcher amounting to only 170 lbs. a year. Food alone, exclusive of the cost of cooking it, stands Herr Niederwald in £36 per annum, and he debits himself with £10 for wine (500 litres), the produce of his own grapes. This is at the rate of about 5d. the litre (1½ pint), from which we may infer that the Ellmendingen *cru* is of very fair quality, for 5d. wholesale means at least 10d. retail. Niederwald's gross receipts from every source make a total of £75 12s., while his total outgoings amount to £57 5s., leaving a balance to the good of £18 7s., exclusive of the produce consumed by the family, and the £57 5s. includes the outlay for seed corn, seed-potatoes, and the rest. He does not seem to spend anything in manure; but as nearly all the produce, except wine and a little grain, is consumed on the premises, and he buys about two hundred quintals of straw, and sometimes a little hay, the land probably gets back quite as much as it yields, and is in no danger of impoverishment.

The report sets forth our prosperous peasant's balance-sheet in the fullest detail; but we need state only the more salient results, and they are very suggestive. Including the value of utensils, live stock, and land, Niederwald has a capital of £978 engaged in his business of husbandry; and as a return for this, and the labor of himself and wife, he gets food, shelter, and clothing (£7 10s. for the whole family), and £20 a year. Reckoning that he and his wife are worth between them £20 a year, in addition to their keep, and setting aside £20 as a provision for contingencies, depreciation of buildings, interest on capital, and so forth — which is surely quite little enough — we have a profit on the year's working of £5. The balance over and above this (£15) represents technically not profits but savings. Putting the matter in another shape, Niederwald's land yields him a rent equal to 0.73 per cent. per annum! And the value put upon it is not overstated, for despite the agricultural crisis, real property is in demand at Ellmendingen, and owing to the eagerness of peasants to "round off" their properties and portion their children, fetches prices equal to from fifty to a hundred years' purchase. It is, therefore, quite evident that, so far as mere income is concerned, Niederwald would do far better to sell his land, put the proceeds out at interest, and hire himself out as a vine-dresser or day-laborer. He could easily get five per cent. (the current rate

of interest in the neighborhood) for his money on good security. This would make him £48 15s. Supposing that he left his wife at home and earned only 12s. a week, his income would amount to £78, equal to the present *gross* receipts from his property. Why does he not adopt this course? For the same reason probably that an English squire with two or three thousand a year would rather not sell his ancestral acres and invest the proceeds in a big grocery concern, though it should make him three times the income, — because he would descend in the social scale, and because he prefers living in his own house and being his own master to living in the house of another and occupying the position of hired servant. A yeoman who tills his nine acres, though his life may be sordid and his surroundings ignoble, is quite as capable of being influenced by sentimental considerations as a great English landowner who regards the resettling of the family estate and its transmission to his descendants as a sacred duty. This is a consideration which some recent writers on small holdings have omitted to take into account. At the same time, a system which compels a man to leave his property, however small, equally among his children is no more to be commended than the opposite system peculiar to England, whereby landowners are enabled and encouraged to create tenants for life, and so to tie up their land as to render its division, if not impossible, yet extremely difficult.

From St. Stephen's Review.

AN EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF THE
DUCHESSE D'ANGOULEME.

WERE it necessary yet again to illustrate the trite maxim that truth is stranger than fiction, the following narrative would serve the purpose well. The facts related are drawn from the rich stores which slumber in the archives of the French police. Pauline de Tourzel de Laroche-Aymon was the chosen child comrade and friend of the daughter of Louis XVI., who married the Duc d'Angoulême. As children they played together in the sumptuous corridors of Versailles, looked out of those lovely gardens of the Tuileries which, twice in one hundred years, were to witness a signal display of human wickedness *in excelsis*. Through the early part of the terrible year 1792 they were constantly side by side, suffering together, sorrowing

in unison. After the awful 10th of August, when the royal family turned their backs for the last time on their old home — when its halls ran with the life blood of eight hundred faithful guards; when the noblest born in France laid down their lives, slaughtered in heaps whilst defending the royal casket from which the jewels had been rent — the two girls parted for a while. Years rolled on — years of tranquillity; but nothing could efface the lines of early grief from the features of the friends, the abiding expression of startled horror that lurked about their eyes. Pauline became Madame Guyon, wife of a privy counsellor, and well-to-do; constant companion of the duchess in prosperity as in banishment. One morning a sister of charity called on Madame Guyon upon a mysterious errand. In the Rue de la Vannerie, in one of the lowest quarters of Paris, she explained, there lurked a riddle — a pair of human riddles — alike yet different; whose despair and heart anguish, sprung from the same secret source, took opposite forms for their display. A man and a woman, prematurely decrepit, were dying of starvation; and not sorry to be dying, for naught that another world might have in store could give a sharper pang than what they suffered now. She, the honest sister, had striven to pierce the veil in which the past was shrouded, but in vain. It was clear that they loved the royal family. "Fond of the royal family," murmured Madame Guyon; "old servants, perhaps, who lost their reason on that fearful night. Many there were who went mad from excess of terror on the night of the 10th of August." Madame Guyon conducted the sister into the presence of the princess, who marvelled at what she had heard. The gentlemen and ladies of the court were furious at her visit. What an importunate creature was this sister! The Rue de la Vannerie, in the Quartier St. Antoine, where, as all the world knew, the scum of Paris was gathered, festering! A hideous spot indeed was the Rue de la Vannerie, and the duchess sighed as she entered the sea of misery, and marked its squalor. The sister of charity, who knew the *quartier* only too well, pattered on in front, and stopped presently at the mouth of so foul and grim an alley that even Madame Guyon hesitated to advance. Perhaps the ladies and gentlemen of the court were right. The friends of childhood had penetrated into a den of ruffians. They entered a house, and after a pause at a door, during which they could distinctly

hear some one moving stealthily within, and a distant sound of moaning, the door creaked slowly on its hinges, and through a chink a pair of wolfish eyes, shaded by matted hair, peered warily at the new comers. The result of the scrutiny seemed unsatisfactory to the janitor, for the door was about hurriedly to be closed, when the sister inserted a foot and came to parley. "Radagonde!" she whispered, "you know me. Let us in. *Grandpère* and *grand-mère* are anxiously expecting these ladies." The door opened reluctantly again, disclosing an unkempt, ragged, and neglected girl of fifteen years, whose budding beauty had been spoiled by care and want. "*Grandpère* and *grand-mère*," she retorted in grievous uncertainty, "expect only one visitor — Death — and can see no other company." With the curiosity of a savage she fingered the cloth dress of the duchess as she passed in, then looked at her own garb and shuddered. The duchess paused on the threshold with a cry. Was she dreaming, or in fairyland? The second room was more squalid than the first, containing, indeed, scarce a vestige of furniture. But on the wall hung two fine crayons, representing Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette — pictures which she recognized as having hung in the corridor of the Tuileries — and in front of them were burning two candles on a species of rude altar. The sister of charity had vanished. The ladies glanced at one another in growing fear. What next? The frames (so well remembered!) were shrouded by crape curtains, while a scroll beneath bore a rough legend, "*Objets de désespoir éternel*." The uncouth girl knelt simply down before the pictures, and her lips moved. 'Twas evidently a familiar action. She had been taught, then, to pray for the martyrs. The eyes of the duchess swam with tears as she and her companion sank also on their knees. How well they recalled the exact spot where the portraits used to hang — last seen on the 10th of August, which brought chaos. Perceiving how moved were the two dreary-looking strangers, the girl eyed them with interest. "Just like *grandpère*," she muttered. "*Grandpère* kneels here night and morning, and sighs and sobs as if his heart were breaking. Poor *grandpère*; the work is nearly done." "And *grand-mère*?" interrogated Madame Guyon. "Hark!" replied the girl, "you hear the groans and cries of the haunted one. Thus has she writhed for years, so long as I remember." The duchess and her friend glanced at each other with awe.

The sounds that issued from another chamber were as the moans of a soul in travail. The door opened and closed hastily, and the sister issued thence as pale as if she had beheld a phantom. "What have I done?" she exclaimed, wringing her hands, her attitude perturbed and trembling; "madame, forgive me, I knew not of this. Go! Fly!" "Is there danger?" asked Madame Guyon. "For the body, no. But for her lacerated mind. Take her hence at once, and ask no questions." And then up rose from her knees the granddaughter of Marie Thérèse, with the calm courage of Marie Antoinette. Claspings her heaving bosom with both hands, she gazed with reverence at the portraits that smiled down on her, and said, "My sister! If there are tears to dry even at the expense of a new stab for my sad heart, my place is here. Who, if not I, am the child of sorrow? Nay, mad or not, I *will* see the woman. You, Guyon, stop here and wait." "Leave you to go alone? Never!" cried her friend. "Ce que Dieu garde est bien gardé," murmured the duchess. "But if you wish it, come." The sister sank on a crazy seat and rocked herself, sorely troubled, listening and starting at intervals, and muttering, "What have I done?" while the ladies proceeded into the adjoining chamber, where they had need of all their fortitude. A low, darkened room, from whose fissured walls the jaundiced plaster had fallen in great patches. On a wooden settle a bundle of sordid clothes from which two gnarled and withered hands emerged, clasping a crucifix. The fretful moaning which had attracted the attention of the ladies ceased on their entering, as a pair of bloodshot eyes scanned them attentively. The hag shivered and stretched forth her aspen claws as though to exorcise some vision of menace; then, cowering, turned away. Presently the old woman stirred. "I know I'm yours," she pleaded piteously. "Oh, end it; end it! There is blood on the walls; on my hands and clothes. There is no hope! no hope of mercy, for God is deaf. Have I not cried to him?" The duchess took the fevered hand in her cool one soothingly. "Do not blaspheme," she whispered. "God is love, and love is immortal, untiring. Few have suffered as I have suffered, and yet — see, I am calm, resigned. I am the Duchesse d'Angoulême — a name equivalent for sorrow." The hag twitched away her hand and quivered from head to foot, like one ague-stricken, while foam gathered round her lips. "You — *you*," she mut-

tered, "come to gloat — to gloat — by the deathbed of the murderess! Where do you think you stand?" she continued, in rising frenzy. "By a faithful servant of your house? Not so! This voice has made the vacillating firm; these lips have exhorted the executioner. You who are so resigned — can you forgive the regicide? I am Rose Lacombe," said the hag, with laboring breath. "I was dresser to Madame de Genlis, and, later, mistress of Marat. Théroigne de Méricourt was my bosom friend — she who was whipped through the gardens of the Tuileries. I was blood-mad; possessed by devils who hankered for my soul. 'Twas I who commanded the van on the journey to Versailles — who urged the frantic army of *poissardes* to tear your parents thence. My brother was slain upon that day by a Swiss guard, and I vowed vengeance. I spat in the queen's face as she stood so haughtily and so still, clasping the dauphin to her breast while we raged around like furies. 'Twas I who, on the 10th of August, bade the mob pour their fire through the windows to finish the unarmed within." Madame Guyon groaned, for was she not one of them, a maid of fourteen then? "My husband would have saved the Capets if he could, but I threatened him with Mother Guillotine, and, unlike the *ci-devants*, he was afraid to die. Through my influence he was in high favor, had a seat on the revolutionary tribunal. His influence and mine swayed many who were wavering. He was very submissive, was my husband; I was beautiful and young, and full of energy, and could make myself obeyed. High in the centre of the gallery of the tribunal I stood, conspicuous to others and to him, and frowned and shook my head, and formed threats with my lips. He was cowed, and gave way — and voted!" "No more, no more!" whispered the duchess, growing paler still. "Then came the turn of the other — the Austrian. We sat in a circle round the scaffold, knitting; and laughed and banded jests, and chanted the 'Carmagnole' in chorus. The tumbrel rumbled over the uneven stones and tilted. 'Be careful,' I shouted, 'of your burden; we must not cheat the butcher.' On the top of the steps she would have spoken, and then we sang and danced —" "Silence, wretched woman!" cried the duchess, who was livid now. "Your sin and retribution have been terrible. God be thanked, *I can forgive!* But I will not stay under this accursed roof. Pauline, Pauline!" Gasp-

ing, her highness reeled and fell into the arms of her companion. The Duchesse d'Angoulême had fainted. With the help of the terror-smitten sister of charity, she was borne into the outer room, and when after a while she recovered consciousness, became aware of a frail figure prone on its face upon the floor, with arms stretched out *en croix* in front of the lighted altar. It did not move as she passed by, though a tremor passed over it at contact with her dress. As she tottered down the stair, leaning on the arm of her life comrade, she heard the voice of Radagonde, who wailed with the anguished cry of the helpless, "Grandpère, grandpère! Alas! grandpère is dead, and I am alone in the wide world!" When, a few hours later, abundant help was sent to the squalid home, the wolfish maiden sat dumb between two corpses. By order of the Duchesse d'Angoulême, she was gently conducted to a less melancholy scene. A house was found for the homeless. She was carefully educated under the eyes of Madame de Campan, bedchamber woman to the late queen, by desire of the queen's daughter, who further promised a *dot* in the event of a fitting marriage. But no man ever claimed the wedding portion, for Radagonde took the veil and died in a Carmelite convent.

LEWIS WINGFIELD.

From The Spectator.

THE RESCUE OF GREELY.*

WE venture to assert that few, if any, books of travel and adventure published within the last year will more thoroughly repay the trouble of careful perusal than the volume before us. Here is no dry record of weeks or months spent in miserable monotony, in the heroic endurance of darkness and cold, and possibly semi-starvation, on the terrible icefields. These pages are alive with busy stir and adventure, crowned with success, and full of human interest. The writers tell their story as one might spin a yarn over a winter's fire, but with a marvellous self-effacement. Only those who can read between the lines will even guess how much of the ultimate success of the Relief Expedition must have been due to the ability of one of the narrators, who rarely alludes to himself at all. Thoroughly to enjoy

* *The Rescue of Greely.* By Commander W. S. Schley, U.S.N., and Professor J. R. Soley, U.S.N. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

this book, and be really the wiser for its contents, the reader should never for a moment shut up the big map at the end (which, by the way, ought really to be on thicker paper) and he would do well to place on one side any previous information he may have on the subject of which it treats, and bringing to it full freshness of attention, he will be amply rewarded.

A great deal of the vagueness—we might almost say ignorance—which still characterizes the minds of the uninitiated as to the real difficulties encountered by Arctic explorers long before they reach Smith Sound, might be removed by the study of the first ten pages of the book before us. And the lay reader who masters them will be in a position to follow with far greater interest and sympathy the remainder of the narrative. All the world does not, perhaps, know of the project of Lieutenant Weyprecht for establishing "a series of co-operating stations in the higher latitudes to make simultaneous observations for a considerable time." It was necessary for the carrying out of such a project that it should be international, and a conference met at Hamburg on October 1st, 1879, with delegates from Austria-Hungary, Denmark, France, Germany, the Netherlands, Norway, and Russia; but with the carrying out of that scheme we should at this moment have nothing to do, but that simultaneously with it another plan, having many features in common with it, had been urged on the attention of all interested in Arctic exploration by Lieutenant Howgate, under the name of "A Scheme for Polar Colonization." "The plan consisted in establishing a colony as far north as possible, where it should remain three years," carrying on meteorological observations, and seizing any favorable opportunities for reaching the pole.

In May, 1880, Congress passed an act authorizing the president to establish a station at Lady Franklin Bay, which, if our readers will glance at the map, they will see lies sufficiently far north to necessitate risking all the most terrible perils of Arctic voyaging to reach. Now, to quote in substance from the narrative before us, we must remember Weyprecht's object was scientific observation, Howgate's, colonization, with a view to reaching the pole when a favorable moment should present itself. For the latter purpose, it would seem, Lady Franklin Bay was admirably situated; but it lacked one very important feature contemplated in Weyprecht's plan,—namely, accessibility.

Yet, when in September, 1880, Dr. Wild, the president of the International Polar Commission, announced that only two more stations were needed to complete the circle, and that one of these should be some point in the North American archipelago, it was natural enough the two schemes should be blended; and so it came about that in March, 1881, the American government consented to the appropriation of twenty-five thousand dollars for the work of scientific observation and exploration in which Greely was subsequently engaged.

On July 7th, 1881, Greely sailed from St. John's, Newfoundland, on board the ill-fated *Proteus*, for Lady Franklin Bay. On the north side of the bay, at Discovery Harbor, the station was to be fixed. Through perils of waters the brave ship made its way, and did seven hundred miles, from Upernivik to the bay, in seven days. For Greely the end was in sight; but at the last moment, within eight miles of his destination, he was stopped by the solid ice-pack. "Through the massive wall not an opening was to be seen." It is with breathless interest the reader who has accompanied the gallant officer to this point, reads on till, all obstacles surmounted, or rather by change of wind cleared away, the journey on August 10th was ended. But their difficulties were only begun. The little party of twenty-five men were to stay two years at Lady Franklin Bay, but a vessel was to be despatched to them both in 1882 and 1883; and before the *Proteus* started on its homeward way, Greely sent the most clear instructions as to the action of the relief expeditions, concluding with the words: "No deviation from these instructions should be permitted. Latitude of action should not be given to a relief party who, on a known coast, are searching for men who know their plans and orders." So far, all went well. The *Proteus* was back in St. John's by the 12th of September.

For a complete narrative of all that followed, from the moment when, in accordance with the agreement made with Greely, the first Relief Expedition was despatched, to the sinking of the *Proteus* near Cape Sabine in July, 1883, we must refer our readers to Commander Schley's graphic account. We can only briefly indicate that the *Neptune*, the first vessel despatched, after weeks of vain battle with the ice, and after doing good service by depositing stores at the places indicated in Greely's instructions as far up as Cape Sabine, returned to St. John's;

while, by a most mysterious amount of mismanagement, for which it is difficult to say who was responsible, the whole expenditure upon the Relief Expedition of 1883 seems to have been thrown away.

The crew of the *Proteus* were all saved, but appear to have behaved, with one or two exceptions, shamefully. Fortunately for all, there was one man equal to the occasion who never lost his head, — and, we imagine, there are few men in whom the spirit of adventure is not wholly dead, who would not follow with interest the narrative of Lieutenant Colwell's conduct, from the moment of his depositing his "wreck camp cache," four miles west of Cape Sabine, till when, with his whale-boat and his handful of men he set out alone to brave the perils of Melville Bay, and so be the means of ultimately saving the whole party. In September, 1883, it was Lieutenant Garlington's painful duty to report the failure of the expedition. All the incidents in that failure sank into insignificance beside the inquiry, What could now be done for Greely? It was too late in the season to accomplish anything. Lieutenant Garlington, applied to, pointed out the almost utter hopelessness of any attempt before the spring; yet with the barest chance of success he was willing, and anxious personally, to make the attempt, and with a singular absence of personal or professional jealousy which does him much credit, suggested that Lieutenant Colwell should command the ship. "The chief signal officer sent six telegrams from Washington suggesting a new expedition, and earnestly advocating immediate action, and our old friend, Chief-Engineer Melville, proposed to accomplish part of the journey in the *Yantic*, and the rest by sledge." Happily, prudence prevailed; the result otherwise could only have been disastrous.

Meanwhile, the suspense was terrible; it was clear what Greely intended to do; failing any preventing causes, he would leave Fort Conger, where he was established, 1883, and get as soon as possible to Littleton Island, hoping, of course, to meet a relief party on his way down. The *Lady Franklin Bay Expedition* was, we learn, an army organization, and consequently "it belonged to the War Department to take the initial steps looking to its relief." The necessary amount of discussion was got through as quickly as possible. The navy, asked to co-operate, promptly responded, and numerous plans of operation were at once examined. It was finally settled that the Relief Expedi-

tion should consist of two vessels, each supplied for a cruise of two years. It was also decided, after much consideration, that the expedition should be exclusively naval. And we think any impartial judge would agree on this point with Commander Schley, when he says: —

There can be no doubt of the correctness of the theory upon which this decision was based. The work of the Relief Expedition of 1884 — and for that matter, of all the relief expeditions — was as purely nautical as any work that was ever entrusted to a seaman. More than this, the whole issue of the work, the ultimate question of success or failure, depended primarily upon seamanship. Nor was there any possible contingency which would require, in the *personnel* of the expedition qualities or experience other than those which seamen will be found to possess at least equally with soldiers.

In the midst of a tedious amount of official red-tapeism sufficiently irritating to cause one senator to express the hope that if Greely and his followers were left to perish, they might die in a "Parliamentary manner," preparations still went on, and were enlivened by a bit of international courtesy pleasant to record. This was no other than the gift of the *Alert* from her Majesty's government to the government of the United States, to aid in the relief of Lieutenant Greely — a gift received with all the grace with which it was given. It was finally agreed to send the *Thetis*, the *Bear*, and the *Alert*. No expense was spared; officers and crews were picked men, and the whole expedition was placed under the command of Commander Winfield S. Schley, U.S.N., from whose narrative we quote, and to whom — though, as we said before, he scarcely ever even alludes to himself — we know the rescued party owed so much.

After the starting of the expedition we have a narrative of thrilling interest, of generous rivalry, hairbreadth escapes, and perfect discipline. Up to their arrival in Littleton Island no tidings of Greely had been found, and here the anxiety became desperate. At Littleton Island there was still no trace of him, and it was decided to run over to Cape Sabine. The rest of that memorable adventure the world knows, but hardly in such words as those in which Commander Schley has told his tale: —

As the cutter left the ship, Colwell picked up a can of hard-tack and two 1-lb. tins of pemmican, as he thought his party might be out all night, and a little something to eat would not go amiss; but within half an hour

after the first parties had left the ship, cheers were heard above the roaring of the wind.

What boots it all now? But yet through many a stormy day they had done their duty, and when well-nigh hopeless, success had come at last, — too late, alas! to save some brave lives, but in time for Greely and the rest. It was a terrible sight; they had not come a moment too soon. Among the noble band of rescuers was one who had risked more than any, and now down on his hands and knees, trying to roll away the stones that held down the flapping tent-cloth, he was crying like a child, and scarcely a brave heart there but shared his emotion. Greely, more dead than alive, was there under the tent, nearly dead, but alive enough to answer, in faint, broken voice: "Yes — seven of us left — here we are — dying — like men. Did what I came to do — beat the best record."

For the homeward journey and the ovation which awaited them at Portsmouth, New Hampshire — for all the details, in fact, from this point — we must refer our readers to the story itself. We can only hope we may have many another narrative from the same pen.

From The Japan Mail.

JAPANESE LADIES AND THEIR HAIR.

A SOCIETY has been formed in Tokyo with the object of bringing about a reform in the method of dressing ladies' hair. Its principal founders appear to be Mr. Watanabe, whose name is well known in connection with the Sanitary Association (*Eiseikai*), and Mr. Ishikawa, editor of the *Tokyo Economist* (*Keizai-Zasshi*). The suggestion that a change in the style of hair-dressing is desirable was made at a meeting of the Sanitary Association on June 28, and was received with immediate approval. We have not been able to learn the arguments employed on that occasion, but it is easy to conceive them. Within a very short interval of this country's opening to foreign intercourse, the masculine sense of the nation became alive to the absurdity of a man submitting his head daily to the barber's hands, and having his hair tied in a knot which was neither useful nor ornamental. Even so long ago as 1870, when students of Japanese were still studying the dialogues of Ganroku and Seisuke, and half of the foreigners residing here imagined that their footsteps were dogged, and every action of

their lives closely observed by official spies — even in those early days the *yaro no atama* had become a sign of conservative bigotry, just as the *zangiri no atama* was regarded as an indication of progressive liberality. Doubtless this change of fashion was accelerated by economical considerations. In general the adoption of foreign customs costs money, but here was a way of taking one's place at once in the ranks of reform, not only without any outlay, but even with a considerable saving. No wonder that the *zangiri no atama* grew in favor. The Japanese are accused of a lack of earnestness by some foreign critics, and it cannot be denied that the *debonair* element of their character is sufficiently marked to suggest this inference. But they showed themselves very much in earnest about the question of abolishing the queue. In the familiar parlance of the people, an *otoko no mage* is said to be as rare now as a cat's tail. As for the economical possibilities of the change, they were pushed to their limit. Men were not content with merely cutting their hair, but they cut it in such a way as to dispense with the necessity of buying brushes and combs. Lord Wolseley's "clutching test" might have been applied to the heads of a majority of the male population within a few years after the opening of the country. Dress reform was less easy. We have not yet entirely emerged from the transition stage. Many spirit-willing but purse-weak progressionists, struggling below the level of trousers, are still limited to the luxury of drawers. We are aware that some Westerners regard all this change with regret, finding the Japanese dress much more picturesque and comfortable than the foreign. But the Japanese dress is simply a dressing-gown. It is perfect only as a means of impeding motion. We allude, of course, to the dress worn by the middle and upper classes. For the artisan or the laborer, with his short blouse and close-fitting trousers, Western fashions could suggest no improvement, except an abbreviation of sleeve. But the long-skirted, wide-sleeved *kimono* of the gentleman or the tradesman was nothing more than an evidence of idleness, to be included in the same category with the Chinaman's talons and the Chinawoman's crippled feet. Whether the Japanese looked better or worse in it than he looks in a coat of Western cut, his adoption of the latter is a national gain. More generous diet, more convenient and protective clothes, dwellings of a more solid and

sanitary character, and an infusion of foreign blood — these, in our opinion, are the four things needed to raise the Japanese race from its present physical inferiority to the level of peoples who have lived under harder conditions and borrowed strength from grafts of alien stock. There appears, however, to be great difficulty in winning the allegiance of the fair sex to any scheme of dress reform. After five-and-twenty years of foreign intercourse, we find a society formed, now for the first time, with the object of introducing Western modes of hair-dressing for Japanese women. That it is a society of males need not surprise any one who remembers how complete is the subjection of the weaker sex in Japan. The women of this country may be trusted not to inaugurate any change affecting their appearance unless they are well assured beforehand of its acceptability to their lords and masters. Were it otherwise, they would not long have remained faithful to fashions which belong to the days of queues and half-shaved polls. For even after every allowance is made for the effect of custom in moulding taste, it is hard to see how the looking-glass of a Japanese lady can mislead her in this matter. If the canons of any recognized art prescribed dumb-bells or teapot-handles as models for the *coiffeur's* imitation, there might be something to say for a fashion which builds and plasters hair into such similitudes. Yet, after all, it is presumptuous to found any arguments upon arbitrary principles of grace or taste. The simple plaits of a Western lady's hair may outrage the notions of the Japanese quite as much as their curious superstructures startle us. Moreover, Europe too has puffs and chignons, which, in point of absurdity, yield nothing to the *tabu* and *kamaji* of the Japanese. Our glass houses, therefore,

render stone-throwing dangerous. In other directions, however, the grounds of objection are firmer. There cannot be conceived a more uncomfortable or injurious way of dressing the hair than that of the Japanese. It subjects the hair to a perpetual strain, and condemns the head to use a pillow which is little better than an instrument of torture. A fine lady has her hair dressed ten times a month and pays ten *sen* for each operation. People to whom economy is an object content themselves with six manipulations, and pay from three to six *sen* per manipulation. Throughout the empire there are about nine million women of over seventeen and under fifty years of age. If we suppose that, on the average, these women devote twenty *sen* per month to hair-dressing purposes, the whole expense thus incurred is fully twenty-one million *yen* annually. Such figures as these are, however, more curious than useful. They may influence enthusiasts who found societies, but they will not induce any budding beauty to curtail the visits of her hair-dresser. The promoters of the new reform will do well to dwell rather on the charms of simplicity, and on the incomparably greater comfort enjoyed by the European lady, who unbinds her hair every night, than by the Japanese who poises the base of her tightly festooned skull upon a little block of wood and paper. For our own part, we are ungallant enough to hope that the proposed reform will not stop at the head. We should like to see Japanese ladies wear clothes that will permit them to sit on chairs, instead of coiling themselves upon mats, and foot-gear that will allow them to walk instead of shuffling. But these are delicate subjects. Messrs. Watanabe and Ishikawa have a wide field before them, and we wish them speedy success.

FROM a friend (W. A. P.) travelling in California I receive the following, copied off a board put up in the bushes bordering a cañon some miles from the town of Los Angeles, to warn the heedless pleasure parties who neglect to extinguish the fires they have kindled to boil their kettles or let their pipe ashes ignite the dried leaves. The word "Fire" is first painted in immense black letters, and then comes the following distich:—

May the Curse of God fall on that Clown
Who burns these Bushes and Green Trees down.

The sentence at first sight seems profane, and

yet it is a homage to faith that in an outlying place, where the offender is safe from other chastisement, this ethereal fear should be expected to restrain him.

I will give an English example, the personality of which must amuse all who use the tea-room attached to the Ladies' Gallery of the House of Commons. In the midst of all the whispered gossip there, the pointed warning "Get understanding" (delicately veiled, certainly, in scrolled Gothic characters not very easy to decipher) stands out sarcastically from the mantle of the fireplace.

Notes and Queries.